The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5. CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 11, 1856. NUMBER 33.

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, this size type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a reduction of 33½ 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 at all times ready to Plane Lumber at short notice, in a superior manner, all kinds of Lumber ripped and jointed to order, our sash and Blind machines are in constant operation, which turn off Sash and Blinds in the most approved style. A supply of Sash of ordinary 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 machine shop is on College street, East of the Methodist Church, where one of us can be seen at any time.

Being confined in the latest styles of work per contract attended to. We would invite the attention of the citizens of Charlotte to the advantages we have of doing work with dispatch our motto is, "Be industry we thrive."

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, desire to call the attention of Merchants to their House. Their Goods are known, and a call from buyers is respectfully solicited.

They also keep a good supply of

GROCERIES,

and will endeavor to merit patronage.

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 & ENNIS.
April 8, 1856. 7tf

☞ New Establishment. ☜

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

Stove Plating, Gun and Locksmithing, Bell Hanging; Silver, Brass and all kinds of Metal Work repaired; Common Mill Jacks 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.

Gentlemen at a distance that wish to have their work done I will give particular attention to dispatching as soon as possible.

Persons at a distance wishing Guns altered from flint to percussion or otherwise repaired, except stocking, will have them repaired and returned in the shortest time possible.

I could give any number of references as to workmanship, but I deem it unnecessary as I will leave the work to speak for itself. So send us your work as soon as possible all.

☞ JOBBING will be cash.

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 respectfully informs the public that he has removed to the Shop lately occupied by Messrs. George' & Whisnant adjoining Mr. J. Rudisill's Planing Mills where he is prepared to execute all work in his line, as cheap and good as can be done in the State.

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

I will compete work with any one for neatness, ease and dispatch. Interfering shoes $1.25; common do. $1; cast steel toes or steel plates $2.

☞ I have also erected 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.—No longer indulgence cannot be given, as the debts must be paid.

JOHN ALLISON.
J. R. DANIEL.
Dec. 25, 1856. 41tf

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. 15tf

☞ Notice. ☜

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

☞ Office in Brawley's Building, upstairs.

DIRECTORS:
M. B. TAYLOR, *president.*
S. P. ALEXANDER, *Vice-president.*
J. A. YOUNG,
J. H. WHITE,
J. B. CARSON,
C. OVERMAN, } *Executive Committee.*
A. C. STEELE,
J. H. WILSON, *Attorney.*
E. NYE HUTCHISON, *Secretary.*
Aug. 12, 1856. 25tf

Read This and Take Notice!

AS SURVIVING PARTNER of SPRINGS & WEDDINGTON, have to close up the business of said firm, I therefore notify persons indebted, either by Note or Book Account, made at Clear Creek or Rocky River Store, that longer indulgence will not be given. As the largest number of said Notes and Accounts have now stood too long unsettled, the shortest and quickest course will be pursued for their collection. Call at the Grocery Store of Spring & McLean's, Charlotte, or at the Store in 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 thereto a choice stock of handsome and fashionable WATCHES from the most celebrated makers. 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. tf

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 generate every package consigned to us, to prompt our charges to Freight.

We do not depend upon draymen to forward our goods, but have the very best help, all acclimated, therefore no detention for sickness.

Where persons contract with us for all their business, we will make terms very liberal without such contract, it is from 10 to 35 cents per package according to size and value.

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

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

Refer to Jno. Caldwell, Esq., President of the S. C. R. R. and Citizens of Charleston.
June, 17, 1856. 47—tIN

☞ 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. Redwine & Co., and others, which were placed in my hands for collection: All persons, therefore, against whom any of such claims are still standing unsettled, are hereby duly 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. tf

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 modern improvements.

JAMES M. ELLIOTT,
Winnsboro, Fairfield Dist., S. C.
April 22, 1856. 2-6m

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. B. M. COBB

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.

BLANK DEEDS For sale here.

Poetry.

A SONG FOR OCTOBER.

October strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thought and sunny weather—
Ah, me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season, this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewell are saying.
Why is earth so gayly dressed?
This pomp that Autumn weareth
A funeral seems, whose every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us may often here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not in boyish laughter.
We shall then be wrinkled now,
Our brows with silver braided,
And from this glen may'st seek again,
But never more a maiden.

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
Will touch her trembling bosom,
And think a few brief months will bring
The bird—the bee—the blossom.
Ah! these forests do not know,
Or would less brightly wither,
The virgin that adores them so
Will never more come hither.

Miscellaneous.

From Peterson's National Magazine

THE COQUETTE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUDED.

FIVE years had fled into the sea of eternity, and brought many changes on their wings. Paul Denning had attained eminence in his profession; in all the city there was no lawyer who made a better plea, whose counsel was more sought after among hundred of legal practitioners.

And as yet he was unmarried; his profession was his only mistress. No woman's eye beamed for him—no lip lured or song charmed him—the blandishments of beauty had failed to captivate—and those last five years had been one unceasing struggle *to forget!*

Mattie Hunter was a widow. Her husband had met a sudden death in the third year of their marriage; and it cannot be supposed that he was very long mourned by her who had wedded him for his wealth.—Still young and beautiful, and fascinating as in the early days of her belle-hood, after her period of mourning had expired, the gay widow took her old station as the acknowledged leader of fashion—and her luxurious home was the scene of many a brilliant gathering, where youth, beauty, and their train of attendant admirers met.

But to no one had those five vanished years brought greater changes than to Mary Derwent.

The timid, shrinking, unknown girl, had become metamorphosed into a flattered, caressed, and lauded authoress.

And she had grown very beautiful, withal; for her blue eye had caught a deeper light; her cheek became tinted with the pink of the rare sea-shell, her broad brow singularly intellectual; and all this had been wrought by the power of a rapidly developed genius—it was but the outward manifestation of that inward gift which was covering her whole being with a new glory.

Beautiful thoughts irradiated her face; and all the sweet and hallowed influences which the soul of the gifted can create, dwelt with her and beautified her life.

Paul Denning had read her soul-fraught productions; had revelled in the glowing imagery her rainbow draped fancy had woven into sketch and forms had, after many a long day devoted to the duties of his profession, again gathered up the memory of that old love, and bound its broken pearls around his aching heart.

And yet, since that hour when she had repulsed him, they had not met.

Mattie Hunter was free now. He met her often in society—they talked, sang, and danced together—the fair widow even sought his presence, and hesitated not to manifest great pleasure whenever he was by her side; yet vainly did she strive again to weave about his heart the meshes wherewith she had first entangled him. He was coldly polite—nothing more.

One day it was told him that Mary Derwent was in the city, near him. Everybody was lavishing praises on her—in society she was sought and caressed—her name was breathed by the literary world, and his own lips repeated it tenderly but sadly. But they were repeated, how widely now!

Once again they met. It was in the crowded drawing-room of Mrs. Hunter's elegant mansion, for she never failed to gather at her brilliant *soirees* the choicest wits and deepest "blues" of the *literati*—the fairest ladies and the most gallant gentlemen of the *beau monde*.

They met, and were introduced as strangers; and the old-time lover was but one among the throng who listened, spell-bound, to the conversation of the gifted young authoress. No longer was she a shrinking, diffident girl, but a self-possessed, refined, cultivated, though unassuming woman.

Though, since her first love-dream, no other had lighted her heart, her life had not been all cheerless; because that heart had been desolated she had not sat idly down with folded hands and said, "All is dark and drear in my future. I have no aims—no incentives for exertion." To her life had been real and earnest—she had wrought, wrought long and well in the mines of thought and imagination, and brought forth polished, shining gems, else never, thus in her early years, had the eager world sought them up, exclaiming, "Behold! they are *real* and of great value"—never thus had the power of her genius been acknowledged. There had been no idle days for little Mary Derwent.

And then, so well had she schooled her woman's heart in concealing its emotions, and so calmly did she meet again her old lover, that he was deceived.

"She loves me no longer. Some one will win and wear, before my very eyes, the pearl I threw carelessly away," and with a sharp pang of regret Paul Denning, weary, sad, and dispirited, left the crowded apartment and wandered into the conservatory.

It was silent there. The white moonlight flooded the portico upon which the low windows of the conservatory opened, and gleamed softly in upon the flowers, almost subduing by its light the lustre of the many colored lamps which burned there. Aromatic plants and Indian exotics filled the air with delicious perfumes; all was balmy and luxurious as the spice groves of Southern islands; but with no heed for the beauty or fragrance of that flower-wreathed bower, Paul Denning leaned his head against a pillar and gave himself up to moody thots.

He would have bartered all—his name, the honors and wealth his profession were fast pouring in upon him—all, could he but have been transported back into the vanished years, and once more wander with little Mary Derwent beneath that August moonlight and under starlit skies.

The shadow of the past lay heavily on his soul: but oh, how vain was regret.

Time passed; he might have been there one or two hours—he took no heed of time, until he heard the rustle of silken robes and a low sigh beside him and a hand was laid upon his arm. He looked down; the hand was small and white, and sparkling with diamonds—he turned to the owner of that lily hand; her face was magnificently beautiful, but it was not the face which haunted his thoughts. His hostess stood beside him.

"Paul!" she murmured, softly.

"Mrs. Hunter!" he ejaculated, in great surprise at her appearance there.

"Hush! always that cold name. Call me *Mattie*, as in other days—I have called you *Paul*," exclaimed the beautiful temptress, her cheek crimsoning with a rich glow, her dark eye seeking his

"Mattie—Mattie!" he murmured, almost tenderly for a moment, while her siren words fell on his bewildered senses—then dropping the hand which had slid into his, he continued coldly, "No, that name is for me to utter no more. Mrs. Hunter, let me conduct you back to your guests!" and he politely proffered his arm.

Mattie Hunter drew back scornfully, turned very pale, and then, going up close to him, with rapid waves of passion and tenderness chasing each other in quick succession over her face, said

"Paul Denning, you *shall* hear me! Your coldness kills me. I have waited long—long, but you would not say what your haughtiness compels *me* now to utter. You may call me bold, unwomanly, anything, I care not—I cannot help it! I *must* revoke those words which once, in my madness, I uttered to you. Paul, Paul, were you to ask me again the question you then asked, my answer would be far different. You understand me, Paul!" and the passionate woman grasped his hands tightly and gazed into his eyes.

Denning listened with mingled sensations of surprise, scorn, and pity: surprise that the worldly woman could feel so deeply, and so far subdue her pride as to plead for that affection she had once cast from her—scorn for the mercenary spirit which had swayed her in his rejection—and pity, for he had no love.

"Mrs. Hunter," and he spoke calmly, "this is strange language—words I never expected to hear from you. Once they would have moved me strangely, filled my heart with wild joy; but not now. I will not deceive you—I do not love you."

With a groan of anguish the humiliated woman buried her face in her hands.

"Scorned, despised, and I have betrayed myself! The theme for laughs and jeers—that I should so far forget my pride as to plead for a love which is denied me!"

"Nay, not so!" said Denning, gently, kindly, for his heart was touched. "Your secret shall remain locked in my keeping as safely as if it had never been spoken. I too have nothing to boast over, to glory in. The memory of this interview let us bury in the past; let us be friends. Mrs. Hunter, I give you my hand on it!"

She seized the proffered hand, covered it with tearful kisses, then turned away. Again she came back, and looking earnestly into his face, said in a low voice, quivering with intense emotion.

"Paul Denning, you are the soul of honor! I do not deserve your love, nor even your kindness, since it was my own pride which ruined my happiness. I go again to the world—to that hollow world of fashion and gaiety for which I perilled my peace—yet, ere I go thither, tell me, do you love *another!*"

Trembling, and awaiting his reply, as though her very existence hung upon it, she clung to his arm.

There was a long, long pause. Should he tell her all—of that earliest, best love which was neglected when her fascinations held his heart in thrall, but, when the spell was over, had claimed him to his old allegiance!—and how, even then, his heart kept a sad, despairing vigil at the altar whose shrine was broken, and whose fire his own hand had quenched! Could he reveal all?

After a little the struggle was over; he repeated the story of his olden love; and when he said, by way of conclusion, "I know not if my memory is cherished now with the slightest regard—but this much I do know, I shall never love any other on earth than her whom in yonder room I met to-night as a stranger." When he had ended, the miserable woman beside him only bowed her head and murmured,

"May heaven pity us both, Paul Denning!"

They saw not then—they had not seen all the while—the figure of a weary woman, who, weakened by the glare and pressure of the crowded rooms, and the combat between awakened love and pride going on in her own heart, had stolen away to the quiet of the flower-room before her hostess had entered there, and who now sat trembling on a couch in a little concealed alcove; nor could they mark the alternate shades of despair, hope, joy, which went over her white face like ripples over still water, when Paul Denning's words fell on her ears.

But when the transition from doubt to perfect faith was once more gained, and she uttered a quick, convulsive, glad cry of joy—such a cry as the bird gives when he bursts his prison cage—such a cry as the glad waters send up when they gush thro' the foaming outlet—such a cry as a heart can give which has loved and suffered, and is suddenly made strong again—when they heard that cry, and turned to where she sat pallid with excess of happiness, then Paul Denning and Mrs. Hunter knew that old love had not been in vain!

For Mary Derwent stood close beside him! And then the once proud, but now humbled Mattie Hunter, with a generous impulse, took the hand of the pale trembler, and joining it with Paul Denning's, and speaking no word, left them thus.

That mute union did for the estranged lovers what years of pride and coldness could not have done.

There were two hearts that night which mingled in one silent stream of love and happiness; and one, a sorrow-freighted barque, which sailed forth in cold and hollow pomp upon the sea of worldly pride and fashion—and through all time still glided on, oh! how utterly desolate and alone.—The coquette had received her punishment.

A WEDDING.—There was quite an interesting circumstance which occurred in Anderson village on Monday last. We heard it first, by accident, from 10 or 20 school girls, pretty well grown, who were giving their views and opinions as to the propriety of the matter. I ascertained from their conversation that one of the school girls, in one of the colleges at this place, went directly from the school room to the church close by, and there was united in the bands of matrimony with a young gentleman of this district, who took her into his carriage and drove off somewhere rapidly. The girls seemed amazed at the audacity of the act on the part of the young gentleman, and its secrecy on the part of their school companion also amazed them. One of them said it was a very serious affair, and "when once done could not be undone." "Walked directly from the school room to the church!" said another; "just think of that!" "I'm surprised," said a third, "that so tall a girl as she should fall in love with such a little, short fellow." "But," said one, more experienced, "that's always the case, a tall lady falls in love with a short gentleman, and a tall gentleman with a short lady." Some one of them very gravely intimated that it might injure the school, at a distance, hearing of the circumstance. But the reply was, the parents of the girl live in Anderson village, and no blame can consequently attach to the school.—*Greenville Patriot.*

HUMOR IN RAGS.—We observed yesterday a little thin old man, with a rag bag in his hand, picking up a large number of small pieces of whalebone, which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature, that we presumed to ask the quaint looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice, "but a 'spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabouts.

I NEVER GOSSIP.—Oh, no, I never gossip! I have enough to do to take care of my business without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith. Why, there's Mrs. Crocker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale; it does seem to me as though that woman's tongue must be almost worn out; but no, there's no danger of that. If everybody was like me there would nt be much trouble in the world. Oh, no, I never gossip. But did you know that Miss Elliott had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith? You did'nt! well she has; its a real brocade; I saw it myself. I do say it is shameful for her to be so extravagant; I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did; why, it's only two months since her father failed, and now, to see her dash out in this style, it's a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer Stanhope, but I guess she'll find herself mistaken; he's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a new silk dress.

And there's the upstart dressmaker, Kate Manley, setting her cap for the doctor—sent the impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be; for my part, I never did like her, with her mild, soft look, when any one's around; my word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't; then she says she's only seventeen! Goodness knows she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia, and she's—well, I won't say how old, but she's more n seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so either; but I guess Dr. May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her.

Some folks call her hand-some! Well, I don't. She ain't half so good looking as my daughter Jane. Then the way she does up her hair in such a fly-away curls; and if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she could'nt make her hair straight as my Maria Jane's. Impertinence! if she'd let curling papers and curling irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her. Well, all I can say is, you've got a very peculiar taste. Why she's proud as Lucifer; been married a whole week and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, say way; and then, above all things, to get that little girlish looking thing. Why didn't he take one of his parishioners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would have made him a better wife than he's got now. Then she's just about the right age for him. She's two years older than the minister! I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! It some folks would mind their own business like I do, I'd thank them.—[*Western Magazine.*

"Do you think moir antique becoming on a widow?" said a young widow to Mrs. Partington, as she exhibited a mourning dress elaborately trimmed and a bonnet of the latest mode. The old lady scanned her attentively through her glasses, before she answered. "More antic!" said she at length, and her finger was raised up like a note of exclamation. "I should think less antic would be more becoming in a widow. Widows more antic must be them spoke of by Paul and Timothy who waxed wanton and will marry. Well, well, let 'em, though where a woman has once married with a congealing and warm heart,"—looking straight at the rigid profile of the corporal on the wall,—and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

There was a tremulous tone in her voice, there was a glistening of the eye, like a dew drop on a morning glory; the finger fell to her side, and she turned to look out of the window after Ike who was sailing a shingle boat in a tub of rain water, with a garden toad for a passenger.

QUEER NAMES.—We heard of a family in Detroit, whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney, and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The three elder children of another family were named Joseph, And, Another, and it has been supposed that should they have any more, they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last, but they happened afterward to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement. Another parent set out to perpetuate the twelve apostles, and named the fifth child Acts.—A man in Pennsylvania called his second son James Also, and the third William Likewise.

RED FLANNEL SHIRTS.—Put it on at once, winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose, red woolen shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titilation which throws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take cold; "red" for white flannel fills up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woolen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.

IMPORTANT FROM KANSAS—PEACE AND QUIET RESTORED—GOV. GEARY'S LETTER.—The following gratifying letter was received by the Secretary of State on Wednesday. It will be seen that peace and quiet have been restored in Kansas:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Lecompton, Kansas Territory,
October 10, 1856

SIR:—Your letter of the 23d ultimo, in reply to mine of the 9th, and your telegraphic despatch of the 27th ultimo, in reply to my letter of the 16th, were both received on the evening of the 8th inst.

Despatches forwarded since the dates of those acknowledged have informed you that peace and quiet have been restored to the Territory. Not only have all large armed bodies of men been dispersed, but the smaller bands of marauders been driven off.—The roads are travelled with safety, and dwellings are secure from intrusion. For upwards of two weeks no outrages have been authentically reported. Many notorious and troublesome agitators, claiming to belong to all parties, have left the Territory, and the beneficent influence of their absence is being already very sensibly felt.

The troops sent to the north have not yet returned. It is my purpose to leave on the northern frontier a considerable force for its protection; and the remainder of the troops will be employed to guard such other points as may seem to require it. I shall shortly proceed in person with a small body of men to the southern portion of the Territory, in pursuit of a gang of thieves who are said to be pillaging that region.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
JNO. W. GEARY,
Governor of Kansas.

To the Hon. WM. L. MARCY,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

A TYPE OF ITS KIND.

A gentleman relates to the editor of the Norfolk American a very good anecdote, based on an incident which recently took place in one of the cars of the North Carolina Railroad. It affords a timely and appropriate illustration of the tendency of a good deal of the Democratic ultra *Southernism* just at this period. The American says:

Two persons of a highly respectable appearance, and with every appearance of being gentlemen, commenced a conversation with him upon the political issues of the day; in which they proceeded to stigmatize the current agitation of the slavery question, by the Democrats at the South, as an arrant humbug, gotten up for party effect. &c.—After a while they left their seats and went forward for some purpose, when two gentlemen, who had been listening in indignant silence to the Black Republican tirade of the first named gentlemen, opened a conversation, in which they took occasion to castigate, and denounce most severely, the abolition proclivities of the gentleman who had dared to stigmatize the holy horror of the Democrats over the slavery question, as so much unmitigated humbug, and finally intimated that such men were dangerous and that it would be better for them to leave the State.

Our friend tried first to induce a more charitable feeling towards the first speakers, but the two last would not entertain it; then suggested that perhaps that they, (the last speakers,) were not capable of giving an unbiassed opinion, as probably each of them owned an immense number of slaves, which property they were fearful would be jeopardized by the liberal sentiments of the first speakers. They assured him that he was mistaken, that neither of them owned a single slave, but that their indignation at the loose and incendiary doctrine of the two first speakers, arose solely from a pure devotion to the South—unadulterated by a *particle* of personal interest.

After our friend—who, by the way, has the keenest possible relish for a good thing—had succeeded in drawing out an immense amount of Buncombe indignation, at the vile and incendiary doctrine of the first speakers, he very naively enquired if they knew who the men were whose abolition proclivities they were denouncing. No, answered they. Then, said he, I have the pleasure of informing you that one was Mr. Partigrew, of North Carolina, *who owns several hundred slaves*, and the other is James C. Johnson, *who owns several thousand*. The effect can be imagined.

DEAD ENGLISHMEN'S TEETH, collected on the battle fields in the Crimea, are now in great demand by the London and Paris dentists! The price current of humanity has greatly fluctuated recently owing to the quantities of deceased soldiers' masticators put into the market. It is stated the idea first entered the heads of some Londoners to send voyaging clerks to the seat of war in search of teeth. The harvest was a good one apparently, and promises to yield a remarkable price, as connoisseurs vaunt the superiority of Englishmen's and Highlanders's teeth over all others—the Coldstream chaps particularly had famously garnished jaws, and it may be a comfort to their departed spirits to see at least one portion of their mortal selves take the journey back to London to be polished and *set* once in the kindest manner.

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE IN MINNESOTA.—Last evening the prairies around our city in different directions were on fire, and the sight was a most beautiful one. Red sheets of flame shot upward from the burning and combustible material, whilst sulphurous volumes of dense smoke rolled onward before the devouring element. A prairie on fire is at all times a grand and imposing sight, but it was rendered doubly so on last night, on account of the serene and enchanting beauty of the evening, contrasting as it did with the fiery destruction sweeping over and consuming the decayed verdure of the last year's growth like a besom of desolation.—*St. Paul Democrat.*