The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 8. CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 15, 1859. NUMBER 36.

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 arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this 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 bi-weekly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons who are sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents

T. H. BREM & CO.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS
IN
BRITISH FRENCH & AMERICAN
DRY GOODS,
CARPETS, HATS, SHOES,
AND
HARDWARE.
T. H. BREM, CHARLOTTE, N. C.
J. A. SMITH, Jr.,
T. LAFAYETTE ALEXANDER.

Cure for Tetter & Scald Head.

THE subscriber is manufacturing and keeps constantly on hand, Soap for Tetter, Scald Head or Ringworm, and good to wash with for any other skin disease. It will also take ... out of any kind or Clothing. If any person desires to have it to sell again, it can be had at a reduced price. The Soap has been tried by responsible persons and is said to be a certain cure. The Soap can be had at Dr. E. N. Hutchison & Co.'s Drug Store and from the subscriber.

CHAS. T. EBERHARD.
May 31, 1859. 1tif

PICKLE DEPOT.

HOUSTON & HUNTER

HAVE on hand and for sale, Pickles, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, Syrups, &c., low for CASH 1 Door East of the Court House.

HOUSTON & HUNTER.
Charlotte, Oct. 26, 1859. 33tf

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
From the Boston Belt Company.
At Manufacturers' Prices:
CASH PRICES:

2 inch	12½ cts. per foot.	
2½ "	15 "	"
3 "	17 "	"
4 "	22 "	"
5 "	27 "	"
6 "	32 "	"
7 "	38 "	"
10 "	60 "	"
11 "	72 "	"
12 " 4 ply	92 "	"

☞ SEAMLESS BELTS manufactured to order at short notice.

CONNECTING HOSE of all sizes, for water or steam pressure, ordered direct from the Manufacturers.

—ALSO—

PACKING of all descriptions at 55 cents per pound.

J. R. F. BOONE.
May 31, 1859. 12tf

☞ Removal.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Shop to the old stand of Moore & Byerly, under L. S. Williams' Store, on Trade street, where he is prepared to attend to all orders in his line. He has still a few articles on hand such as

Golden Cock, Golden Star, Planter's and Premium
COOK STOVES,
and a variety of
PARLOR STOVES.
Also, a good assortment of
Tin and Hollow-ware, &c.
All of which I will sell cheap for CASH or Country Produce.

D. H. BYERLY.
Jan. 11, 1858. 45tf

☞ Notice.

THOSE of my friends who are indebted to me by Note or Account, will please observe that I have retired from the Drug Business, at this place, and immediate settlement is absolutely required.

My Books are in the hands of Mr. J. P. Smith, to whose presence case call, during my absence, and settle.

H. M. PRITCHARD.
Charlotte, Oct. 26, 33tf

☞ NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having entered into Copartnership for the purpose of carrying on the
Confectionary, Bakery, Fruit,
AND
Retail Grocery Business,
Beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country to their New Store on Trade Street, between Brem's and Frank-ville's, at Sprot & Daniel's old Stand, where they would be pleased to see all their friends and acquaintances.

MOODY & NISBET.
February 2, 1858. 48-tf

HAWKS'S
History of North-Carolina.

THE 2nd volume is now published. It embraces the period of the Proprietary Government, from 1663 to 1729.

It forms a handsome 8vo. volume of 594 pages. The subscription price was half a cent a page; but the price of this volume is less, say $2 75 in cloth binding, $3 in Library sheep, and $3 25 in half calf. IT WILL BE SOLD ONLY FOR CASH.

Owing to the difficulty of securing Agents in many parts of the State, we will forward it by mail or otherwise free of postage, on receipt of the price; or both volumes for $4 cloth, $4 50 sheep, or $5 half calf.

A liberal Discount made to Agents, or others, who buy to sell again.

E. J. HALE & SON.
Fayetteville, Nov. 1858. 39tf

EXECUTIONS for the S. Court for sale.

Piano and Music Store.

THE Subscriber keeps continually on hand Pianos made by Steinway & Co., Nunn's & Clark and other makers, of New York. Which he will sell at the lowest rates for CASH, or good paper. Also, the latest Music on hand, at No. 160 Main street between the Exchange Bank and the American Hotel, Columbia, S. C.

SAMUEL GARDINER.
May 10th 1858. tf

S. L. KERRISON, HERMAN L. LEIDING.
KERRISON & LEIDING.
IMPORTERS
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
HASEL STREET, ONE DOOR FROM KING,
CHARLESTON S. C.
April 26, 859. 7-1y

Charlotte Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

THIS COMPANY continues to take risks against loss by fire, on Houses, Goods, Produce, &c., at usual rates.

☞ Office at the Drug Store of E. Nye Hutchison & Co.

OFFICERS.
A. C. STEELE, President.
C. OVERMAN, Vice President.
E. NYE HUTCHISON, Sec'y. & Treas'r.
DIRECTORS.
A. C. STEELE, J. L. BROWN,
M. B. TAYLOR, S. T. WRISTON,
C. OVERMAN, F. SCARR,
WM. JOHNSTON.
JOHN L. BROWN, F. SCARR and S. T. WRISTON, Executive Committee.
April 26, 1859. 3tf

$300,000 No. 1 Fruit Trees
FOR SALE.

WESTBROOKS & HENDENHALL,
Proprietors of the West Green Nurseries and Gardens, near Greensboro, N. C.,

WOULD very respectfully call the attention of the citizens of the Southern States to their very large stock of native and acclimated Fruit Trees, for the Fall and Winter Trade.

This large and handsome assortment has been propagated from thrifty bearing trees, and worked upon the best seedling stocks, which is a sure guarantee of Healthiness and longevity. A prominent characteristics in orcharding which should not be overlooked by persons wishing to plant orchards either for marketing or family use. The stock consists of the following trees:

[illegible] Apple trees, 250,000 Peach trees; 12,000 Apricots; 10,000 Cherry; 12,000 Plum; 5000 Nectarine; 10,000 Almond; 1000 Quince; 4000 Grape Vines.

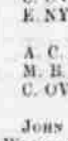
Besides a very fine assortment of Currants Strawberries, Raspberries, Gooseberries, etc., all of which will be sold on very reasonable terms for cash or approved paper.

All packages put up in superior style, and a complete invoice sent to each person, and so arranged that the invoice will be the register of the orchard after the trees are transplanted, if they are transplanted in each one appears on the list.

Mr. T. J. Holton will act as agent for the furnishing of the people of Mecklenburg and neighboring counties with the above Fruit Trees and will take pleasure in forwarding orders for the same.

Oct. 26 1858. 33tf

Dr. H. M. Pritchard



YIELDING to the solicitation of many friends, respectfully announces his determination to resume the
Practice of Medicine.
He may be consulted at his office.
☞ The poor prescribed for without charge.
August 31, 1859. 25tf

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,

[illegible] ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES ever discovered. [illegible] Sanford's Liver Invigorator. [illegible] Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Chronic Diarrhœa, Sallow Skin, Bowel Complaints, Piles, Worms, Dropsy, Fever and Ague, Child Fever, Bilious Fever, Bilious Colic, Chills and Fever, Nausea, Sick Stomach, Want of Appetite, Costiveness, Sour Eructations, Sick Headache, Low Spirits, Blotches on the Skin, Humors, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver.

[illegible] Sanford's Liver Invigorator is the best purgative medicine ever offered to the public. It is mild in its operation, and perfectly safe in all cases. It is a vegetable preparation, and may be taken by old or young, male or female, with perfect safety. It is the best remedy for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Sallow Skin, Dysentery, Bilious Colic, Chills and Fever, Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, Nausea, Sick Stomach, Want of Appetite, Costiveness, Sour Eructations, Sick Headache, Low Spirits, Blotches on the Skin, Humors, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver.

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All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony to its favor.

☞ Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
[illegible] SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.
Wholesale Agents:
SANFORD & CO., Proprietors, 345 Broadway, New York.
[illegible]
F. SCARR & CO.,
Charlotte, N. C.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF
Constable Warrants
JUST PRINTED.

FISHER & BURROUGHS

ARE NOW RECEIVING THEIR STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER

GOODS,

and to meet the large increase of their trade have laid in a much

LARGER STOCK

than usual.

It will be completed in all articles of

DRESS GOODS,

EMBROIDERIES,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

CARPETS,

RUGS AND OIL CLOTHS,

NEGRO CLOTHS,

HATS,

BLANKETS,

BROGANS,

SHELF HARDWARE,

ANVILS, BELLOWS,

VICES,

IRON AND STEEL,

STRAW CUTTERS,

CORN SHELLERS,

PAINTS AND OIL.

An examination of the above Stock is respectfully solicited.

Charlotte, September 27, 1859. 13tf

IMMENSE SACRIFICES!!!
NEW GOODS!
WILMINGTON BRANCH.
Second Store below Mess. T. H. Brem & Co.

KAHNWEILER & BRO'S.

RESPECTFULLY inform their numerous customers of CHARLOTTE, and the surrounding country, that they are selling off the balance of their stock of

SUMMER GOODS,
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
SUPERIOR
Ready Made CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
CAPS,
For Gents', Youths and Boys' wear.

Trunks and a full supply of
MILLINERY GOODS,
Bonnets, Flats & Hats, Bonnet Ribbons & French Flowers, all of which will be sold at reduced prices, together with a large and beautiful assortment of Lace Points, Berege and Linen Dusters, all of the latest style.

The above named Goods must be closed out by the first of October, to make room for our

FALL STOCK.

The best and largest assortment of Ladies' and Misses Gaiters, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, and Basket Bears.

Attention is called to the large stock of
Ready-Made Clothing,
it being made up in the most substantial manner, and is equal to that sold by any other house in the Union, and is a choice and fashionable stock.

Gents' Furnishing Goods
of every style and variety.

This is positively a closing sale, as every article must be sold by the first of October. Merchants and others are requested to call and examine before making purchases, as they will find it to their interest to do so. They can buy from 25 to 50 per cent cheaper than at any other House.

We always keep on hand the best and cheapest assortment of

GROCERIES,
Hardware, CedarWare, &c.

In addition to the above we expect to open a very large assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS.
DAVID KAHNWEILER.
DANIEL KAHNWEILER.
JACOB KAHNWEILER.
August 30, 1859. 3tf

Magic Oil, Magic Oil.

FRESH SUPPLY, just received and for sale, by E. NYE HUTCHISON & CO.
June 28, 1859.

Poetry.

The Bore of the Sanctum.

BY ELLE.

Again I hear that creaking step!
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boring sound
That echoes in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but stays no more.

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candle snows;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strongest liberties—
But never takes his leave.

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote,)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last segar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled o'er with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
Or frames like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping world
Some shallow critic cites,
And every previous paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer do me wrong,
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Where'er he enters—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I count and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off;
Put crape upon the door;
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

Miscellaneous.

From Peterson's Magazine.

A BITTER NIGHT.

BY MARY AMES ATKINS.

"A Bitter night!" so people say, as they sit in their comfortable parlors, and grumble about the weather, having nothing else to grumble about. "A bitter night!" sigh the poor, shivering over a scant fire, and longing for warmer days to come. "A bitter night!" is the salutation exchanged by business men on their way home; and they grind the soft snow under their heavy feet, half angry that it has dared at last to come.

"A bitter night!" and now the speaker is a young girl, alone and timid, hastening, with many misgivings, toward the aristocratic portion of the city, where lives one who has given largely to various benevolent objects.

Her errand is a new one—nothing but the direst necessity has driven her to it.—Yet she is almost tempted to turn back.—Occasionally parties of rude young men pass, and peer impudently under her bonnet, when she shrinks more within herself—if that were possible—and sighs that she is driven out on such a dismal night. The wind wails as it hurls the stinging sleet against the girl, who almost blind, and colder than before, urges her way toward the object of her desires.

"Do mind, George, where you walk!—Don't you see you all but pushed that girl down?"

"Pshaw! nothing better than a beggar! used to that, I guess."

"More's the pity, then. Not hearts nor homes will open to her to-night," replied the younger brother, dropping carefully and stealthily behind the elder; who, unconscious that he was alone, pushed his way rapidly forward.

"Here," and almost before Leoline Lothrop knew it, the youth had thrust a half dollar in her hand, and was out of sight nearly as soon.

"It seems mean to give so little; but it was all I had. She, poor little shivering thing! don't know that, though. I do believe, if I was rich, I should be the happiest fellow alive; for it's only (as good Mark Tapley would say) to give to the poor. It is, that's a fact."

Come, Ed. Windsor, can't you keep up?" shouts George, almost angrily, now noticing his brother's distance back.

"Well, I s'pose I might if I was as long-legged as you!" answers Ed, with a light laugh, as he bears his tall and elegant brother.

"Why," how good he was! Who could have told him how much I need money?—But it must be he knew because I'm the only female out. I declare I never thought of that, myself, before. I will go on, though," and, with a lighter heart and more elastic step, Leoline proceeds.

How slight a thing will raise the spirits of the despairing! How slight! yet so often withheld.

The philanthropist is in the library. The warm glow from the grate greets him pleasantly at the table, where he sits in deep thought. The unstinted gas throws every brilliant tint of the rich carpet to open view; costly birds, in gilded cages, are seen among the most exhilarating exotics; while the cost of the rare pictures, and rarer statuary, would have fed and warmed many a poor family through many a winter.

"Ah!" and as he utters the little word, a light breaks over his face, and he extends his hand toward a pet child, a tiny girl, who bounds into the room, followed by a beautiful woman—the mother of the child, and and fourth wife of the philanthropist.

"I want money, papa!" cried the little pet, running her small fingers through his ebon curls. "I want money."

"Nonsense! You don't, I think. You couldn't tell what to do with it, if I gave it to you," and he facetiously pushed the little one away; then, the next moment, nestled the beautiful head upon his bosom, with a feeling of fearful happiness that such a dear charge was all his—his own.

"But I do, papa, I do, certain. Come, fill my hands brim full!"

[illegible] girl in the hall—" There is a

"Begging, I suppose;" the philanthropist interposed, a[illegible]certainly not the gleaming of charity was that shining on his face.

"Yes, she is dreadfully in want. Her landlord threatens to turn her out in the morning, if she has not the rent for him then."

"Serves her right! She'd no business with a house if she can't pay for it!"

"She has, heretofore; but is now unable to, through her mother's illness."

"Same old story—all humbug—nothing but humbuggery in the world."

"Is papa a humbug?" asked little Mary, quite innocently.

"Go to bed, Mary!" was the answer; but the speaker turned uneasily away from the clear eyes of the pet; who, the next moment, unmurmuringly passed out of the library.

"Won't you speak to the girl? She is just outside here, pleaded the gentle wife, lingering at the threshold.

"I'm busy. Tell her I'm obliged to give all the time. Those cursed foreign missions—a fellow must have a name, though—draw like a leech."

"But this is a case of need, close at hand."

"Made up, most likely. Tut! tut! wife! I've said no, that's enough; nor do you give her a cent. Giving her would not increase my fame."

Leoline Lothrop had heard every word of this, but, as it rooted to the spot, could not stir. This, then, was the good man upon whose fame she had builded the hope of a comfortable home for one month longer, at the expiration of which time she trusted her mother's health would be so far restored that she would not be obliged to labor alone.

"I cannot assist you to night. Come to-morrow, my husband then may be able to do something for you. He has so many calls upon his purse."

The timid little wife blushed as she [illegible] the interior of the philanthropist's heart. Oh! how much shame and humiliation, yea and remorse, a true wife has often to feel!

"Mother, the landlord will only take our feather bed. He says he will accept that as payment in full."

"I should think he might as its worth is twice the amount of the month's rent; however, we can do no better. So the philanthropist disappointed you, my dear!"

"Never mind, mamma, I dare say we shall get along some how. But are you sure you shall be quite warm sleeping on the floor? I have tried to make the bed soft and warm."

"Yes, warm and comfortable anywhere, if you are but with me, love!"

The morrow came; but out upon the crusted snow the philanthropist will never pass again. His cold, false heart is closed forever against appeal from gentle, timid wife, and pitiful child. Will the true charity be refused—be given him now!

Mrs. Lothrop recovers, when Leoline hoped against hope.

A few years pass, and we behold Leoline the wife of Edward Windsor. She had never dreamed so happy a fate could be hers. She had met him again, as she was ascending the flight of stairs leading to his mother's sewing room. Of course he did not know that he had ever seen her.

But the story that in tears she had poured out from the very fullness of gratitude upon his mother's ear, had some how reached his. He tried to "pshaw" it down, and wondered why girls and women generally were blessed with such abundance of gratitude; yet, at last, he stole up into the sewing-room, and beheld the most lovely face he had ever seen.

The world said, "Why he could have made a great match!" Edward thought he had.

THE YOUNG PRUSSIAN.—Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell—and no one answering, he opened his door and found his page fast asleep in his elbow chair. He advanced toward, and was about to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. Curiosity prompted him to know what it was—he took it out and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his money to relieve her misery—and telling him that God would reward him for his filial affection—The King, after reading it, went back softly to his chamber, took out a purse full of ducats and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rang the bell so loudly that it awoke the page, who instantly made his appearance.

"You have had a sound sleep," said the King.

The page was at a loss how to excuse himself—and putting his hand in his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment found there a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the King, shed a torrent of tears, without being able to utter a word.

"What is that," said the King, "what is the matter?"

"Ah, sir!" said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "some one seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep. Send that to your mother; salute her on my part, and assure her I will take care of both her and you."

WIT IN MADNESS.

In the olden time, there lived on the west side of Front Street, Philadelphia, a distinguished hatter, of the society of Friends, but not *there*, in his youth, perfectly strict in the observance of the social discipline of the sect. His shop was one of the favorite centres of gossip for the neighborhood. Among others, it was not unfrequently visited by a rather harmless lunatic, who, nevertheless, was much in the habit of disturbing Friends' meetings on Sunday, by insisting on preaching there. One day, the following colloquy took place between the worthy hatter and "the man beside himself."

Lunatic.—Well now, Thomas, I tell thee, these people that call themselves Quakers are not Quakers at all. They [illegible] maker in existence.

Hatter.—John; John; how canst thou say so!

Lunatic.—Why, *I* go for peace; but *I've* only got to go to the head of the "Gallery," next First Day, and say "Peace be among ye," and they'll all be for war, directly.

Hatter.—I'll lay thee a beaver hat on that, John.

Lunatic.—Done! And I'll do it!

Next Sunday morning sure enough, John marched with a majestic step to the head of the Gallery, between the male and female preachers, and called out, in a loud voice, "Peace be among ye?"

Immediately up rose a venerable Elder of the sect, and said: "It would be well if some young Friends were to remove that person from the meeting. He disturbs the solemnity of the occasion."

Lunatic.—(speaking loudly) There; I told you they would all be for war directly.

Four young men, however, left their seats, and advanced upon him; upon which he laid himself down upon his back, and defended himself with hands and feet, to the best of his ability. This did not prevent them from seizing him by the arms and legs. They bore him, by force, towards the door. When they reached the middle of the aisle, he burst into a most obstreperous fit of laughter.

"Now John," said the Elder, again rising; "how canst thou reconcile it with thy conscience thus to disturb a solemn and religious meeting?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho ho, ho;" replied the lunatic; "I was only a thinkin' how much more honored *I* was than my Master! He rode into Jerusalem upon *one ass*; and I am ridin' out on *four*!"

It is needless to say that the bearers vanished. John sat out the meeting, and won the hat.—*Our Country's Flag.*

BRIEF LETTER FROM MR. CORWIN.—We find in the journals of the day the subjoined brief but significant note addressed by the Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, in reply to an invitation to participate in a barbecue to be given to the Hon. Laban C. Moore, of Kentucky, by the constituents and friends of the latter:

LEBANON, Ohio, Sept. 25, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I have been so constantly engaged since I saw you, and especially since the receipt of your letter inviting me to be with you on the occasion of your mass meeting on the 22d inst., that I believe I have not answered your note. I have been constantly on the stump fighting the heresies of Republicanism and the delusions of Democracy. The former, I trust, in Ohio, are thoroughly exparged from the creed of that party, and the latter, I hope, are somewhat damaged. I find the public mind of Ohio are opening to a more catholic view of national affairs, especially on the dangerous question of slavery. Now, let Kentucky meet us at some safe half way house, so that we may sit down in peace together again. Give my best regards to Mr. Moore, and believe me, as ever, your sincere friend,

THOMAS CORWIN

J. J. MILLER, Esq.

The Montreal Pilot says:—"We have it on authority, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales accompanied by the Colonial Secretary and other distinguished personages, will visit Canada in the end of May or the beginning of June next. The formal opening of the Victoria Bridge will then take place. The Corporation having appointed a committee to meet the Grand Trunk Directors, and co-operate with them on the celebration, we understand Mr. Blackwell, at an interview with the chairman, (Councillor Bristow) expressed the great felicity he would have in doing all in the power of the Company to make the celebration worthy of the occasion, and of the illustrious visitors from England expected to be present at it. The Bridge will be opened for traffic early next month, but no public or general demonstration will be made."

REMARKABLE FACTS IN THE N. C. CONFERENCE.—It is said that in this body of ministers whose labors are confined to about one half the State, there are at the present time two brothers by the name of Moore—two by the name of Guthrie—two by the name of Martin—two by the name of Bobbitt—three by the name of Brent—a father and three sons by the name of Wheeler, and a father and son by the name of Reed.

THE HILLSBOROUGH CADETS.—Owing to the numerous engagements incident to the Fair, we omitted to notice in our last the presence at the Fair of Col. Tew and his company of Cadets. We have heard the bearing and drill of these young gentlemen, and the uniform propriety of their deportment when not on duty, spoken of in the most complimentary terms.—*Raleigh N. C. Standard.*

VOTED TO RESTORE BISHOP ONDERDONK.—The Protestant Churchman gives the first announcement of the names of the Bishops who voted aye on the motion of Bishop Mc-Crosky to restore Bishop Onderdonk without any conditions. The ayes (report says) were Bishops Otey, Kemper, McIlvaine, De Lancey, Chase, Whittingham and Odenheimer.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."—The New York Express is battling against the Black Republicans of the North with a vigor and talent that make the "fur fly" from their backs. In quoting the following passage from the speech of Mr. Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts, delivered in Brooklyn—

"It was disgraceful that a country which declare that all men were born free and equal, should be divided into free States and slave States. This was a condition of society that did not exist in any other portion of the globe."

the Express says: "Untrue! British India has 100,000,000 of human beings in no [illegible] than our Southern slaves, and not half so well off. But,—it was only in these later [illegible] that the *disgrace* of the frame-work of Washington, Adams, Madison, Franklin, &c., was found out,—and when, in 1776, Jefferson was declaring all men free and equal,—he, himself, was owning slaves,—so was Washington,—and every colony of the whole 13, Massachusetts perhaps except, had more or less of slaves. In 1859, however, it suits politicians, who wish to keep up Sectional Parties and Sectional Organizations, to make that Government "a disgrace," which, in 1776 and in 1778, Washington, Adams, Madison and Franklin created, and started. There is 'an irrepressible conflict' now, where in these good old times there was Unity, Concord, Harmony, and Peace.—What Washington's Farewell Address bequeathed to us a beautiful, harmonious whole, we are told now is a disgrace,—with one part so irrepressibly in conflict with the other, that all must be free, or all slaves."

THE LESSONS FOR THE SOUTH.—The Montgomery Mail, in an article on the late abolition invasion of Virginia, says:

"The Harper's Ferry Insurrection ought to prove of inestimable benefit to the South,—it shows our enemies in their real colors. It scatters to the winds the idea, that there is, to any appreciable extent, anything but brutal, bloody-minded malignity, where there ought to be fraternal affection. This conspiracy to murder and plunder the free white citizens of the South, must have been known to hundreds, perhaps, thousands, of white people throughout New England, yes no warning voice was raised—no single hint of danger was breathed. Thousands of pikes were manufactured and transported from Connecticut, to cut Southern throats, thousands of money were subscribed to the infamous plot—and [illegible] and clergymen, brethren of New England see the flames and hear the shrieks, without a whisper to warn those of their own race and color.

"Will the South read this lesson—this lesson full of all that is wise for her salvation—aright? We hope so. It teaches that we have so few friends in the Northern and Western States—that the people of the free States are so nearly to a man hostile to our institutions—that war on quite a large scale is declared against the South, large preparations made, and extensive supplies of munitions forwarded, without these great facts reaching one single friendly ear!

THAT DEMOCRATIC DOG.—While Tom Corwin was addressing a large meeting at Springfield, Ohio, not long since, and was soaring into the higher regions of political eloquence, a black, middle sized, and morose looking bull terrier mounted the platform, and, taking his place beside the speaker, surveyed the assembled [illegible]ereigns with a severe countenance and a melancholy wag of his caudal stump. His *debut* was greeted with roars of laughter, and Tom Corwin paused in the middle of a sentence. Turning toward the intruding animal, he waved his hand courteously, saying: "Come, one at a time, if you please." The terrier retired a few paces, and glanced quizically at the speaker, when Corwin advanced to the edge of the stand, and said to the people in a very confidential tone: "I do believe he intends to leave the other dogs and join the Republican party!" The palpable hit was received with a tempest of laughter and applause, in the midst of which his dogship trotted out of the hall with his tail at an angle of intense disgust.—*Ex. Pa.*

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.—The London Telegraph says:

At Toulon, at Cherbourg, and at Brest, unexampled activity is displayed. Two new frigates, sheathed with thick iron plates, are being hurried forward, as if for immediate service, with engines of nine hundred horse power each, and forty rifled cannon. Two colossal liners, under high pressure, have just been completed; two hundred thousand shells and thirty thousand rifles have been ordered for the use of the fleet; a new first class frigate, has been put upon the stocks, to be plated from keel to bulwark with steel. While this monstrous armadille—the Magenta—is being fashioned at Brest, another, upon similar lines, is laid down at Cherbourg; rifled ordnance are to be mounted along the northern coasts of France and the whole mercantile navy is under inspection, to test its capacity for warlike purposes.—This is moderate as a beginning; but we are promised in addition, twenty fresh steel plated frigates, with fifty shot proof gunboats.

A ROYAL TEACHER.—Col. Perry of S. C. writes to the Greenville Patriot as follows:

"In coming down the steps of our hotel, a fine-looking gentleman stopped Dr. Lieber to speak to him. As we passed on the doctor said to me, "That man is the son of a king." "Ah!" said I, "he is the first son of a king I have ever had the pleasure of seeing." "Yes," said the Doctor, "he is the illegitimate son of the former king of Netherlands, and was so recognized. He is now teaching school in New York." Well done, thought I, for America, when the sons of kings have to become schoolmasters in this great and glorious republic!"