Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XI.—NEW SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 27, 1854. NUMBER X

J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a year, paid within three months from date of subscription; Two dollars and fifty cents if not paid before the expiration of the year, and three dollars after the year has expired. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.

Letters to the Editor must be post paid, to ensure attention.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADVERTISING TERMS.

The Proprietors of the Newspapers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates:

	1 Insertion	2 Insertions	3 Insertions	6 Insertions	Each Inser. less than	3 Months	6 Months	9 Months	12 Months
1 sq.	1.00	1.50	1.75	2.50	1.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00
2 sqs.	1.50	2.25	2.50	3.50	1.50	4.50	6.00	7.50	8.00
3 sqs.	2.00	2.50	3.00	4.50	2.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00
4 sqs.	2.50	3.00	3.50	5.50	2.50	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00
1/4 col.	3.00	4.00	5.00	7.00	3.00	10.00	15.00	18.00	20.00
1/3 col.	4.00	5.00	6.00	8.00	4.00	12.00	18.00	20.00	25.00
1/2 col.	5.00	6.00	7.00	10.00	5.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00
1 col.	8.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	8.00	25.00	30.00	40.00	50.00

Yearly advertisements in the same proportion.

A square is the space occupied by 16 close lines.

An advertisement making 1¼ or 1½ squares, charged in proportion to 1 square: Making 2¼ or 2½ sqrs. charged in proportion to 2 sqrs. All fractions of a sqr. equal to ¼ or ½, charged in proportion to the whole, of which it is a fractional part.

Occasional renewals, without additional charge, granted to those who advertise regularly through the year.

Three dollars for announcing candidates for office.

Court Orders charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. Orders for divorce of husband and wife, $10 each.

☞ Persons sending in advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required; and if it is wished they should occupy the least space possible, write upon the back the word *close*. Otherwise they will be put up in the usual style and charged accordingly.

☞ No discount on these rates.

EXAMINATION.

The examination of the Students of Davidson College will commence on Monday the 7th of August next.

The Board of Trustees meet by adjournment on Tuesday, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

There will be public speaking by the Representatives of the Literary Societies of College on Wednesday, with the Annual Oration by Sam'l. F. Phillips, Esq., of Chapel Hill.

The exercises of Commencement will take place on Thursday the 10th.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY W. D. SOXIES.

How noble 'tis to persevere,
Amid the trying scenes of life,
To drive away dull sloth and care,
And calmly meet each painful strife.

If friends forsake, or fortune fail,
How sadly then our lots appear;
But let us not desert the field,
Or cease to toil and persevere.

If disappointments mark our way,
And storms oppose our onward course,
Let patience have her peaceful sway,
And thus to nought, our sadness force.

If sore afflictions weigh us down,
And sad misfortune then come near,—
Let not despondency confound,
But recollect to persevere.

Should discontent show her grim face,
And other evils which you fear,
Just bring to bear the good old phrase,
And never fail to persevere.

In short, whate'er may you betide,
In passing through life's narrow span,
Remember still to cast aside,
Whatever ills and fears you can.

Iredell Co., July, 1854.

MEAN.—We think it was in the Fayetteville Argus that we recently saw it stated that Mr. Bragg was about to break down, coupled with the wonder that with a two horse carriage and servant he could not keep up with Gen. Dockery in a one horse buggy. What will the people think of such contemptible means of making capital for Gen. Dockery, especially when it is all *false!* We wish Mr. Bragg did have a carriage and servant at present, but instead of this he only has a one horse buggy, and this he drives himself. If it will gratify the Argus man, however, we can state that Mr. B. drives a very good horse.

In the desparation of that hopelessness which obliterates truth, honor and decency, a portion of the federal press of this State has endeavored to create the impression that Mr. Bragg is an aristocrat. He needs only to be seen to give the *lie* to such a charge.—*Republican Banner.*

And the readers of the Argus will bear us witness that the *Republican Banner thought a lie* when it thought it had seen any thing in the Argus about Mr. Bragg's equipage. We neither know nor care how he travels; but from the best information that we can obtain, he is *getting along badly.*—That he is an aristocrat is satisfactorily proved by his air and deportment, without summoning his carriage and horses against him, if he have any. *Mules*, we should think would suit him better than horses. And *we think*, also, that it is *emphatically mean* for a locofoco editor to charge upon a Whig what he never said, for the purpose of raising a fictitious clamor against his candidate, with a view of creating capital for him by such *means.*—*Fay. Argus.*

☞ The Standard wishes to know if the Editor of the Argus did not write General Dockery's letter of acceptance.—He did not. He never saw it until he read it in the Register. General Dockery wrote it himself: and it is hardly as good as he commonly writes. We have received many a letter from him.

By the bye, who wrote Mr. Bragg's letter of acceptance? It is a very silly affair, upon the whole; and the second paragraph, especially, is exceedingly foggy. We have heard a number of intelligent gentlemen say that they could not tell what he meant by "an honest doubt of my own fitness to discharge them."—What does he mean by the word "honest?" and what does "them" refer to?—We beg of the Standard to look at the paragraph, and give us an exegesis.

Fayetteville Argus.

MR. BRAGG AND GEN. DOCKERY'S BRICK HOUSE—AGAIN.

The Editor of the Salisbury *Banner* remarks that he recently called Mr. B's attention to an article that appeared in this paper representing a laconic colloquy between this gentleman and Gen. Dockery concerning the brick house of the latter, and that he (Mr. Bragg) denied that he ever made any allusion to Gen. Dockery's house. The *Standard* seizes with avidity this denial and proclaims it with a great flourish of trumpets and "brickbats." So we now stand charged with attributing remarks to the candidates for Governor which they never made. We shall see.

Our neighbors may rest easy in their boots about "good authority." If they feel sufficiently concerned to demand our authority—although we feel under no obligation to give it—yet, we are prepared to disclose (confidentially, of course,) "authority" which they will not only acknowledge "good," but as "good" as "good" can be.—*Milton Chronicle.*

MR. BRAGG AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Mr. Bragg, in order to screen himself from the charge of opposition to internal improvements up to the time of his nomination as the Democratic candidate for Governor, says that no measure of internal improvement ever came before the Legislature whilst he was a member.—Granting that this is true, is a seat in the Legislature the only place to test a man's soundness on that subject? There are a number of men in the State, who have never been honored with a seat in any Legislative body, yet they have reputations built upon their advocacy of the doctrine, not confined to their own counties, but extending over State. We might instance our townsmen James W. Osborne, Esq., Dr. C. J. Fox, and V. C. Barringer, Esq., as also Wm. A. and W. W. Lenoir, Esqs., of Caldwell County, besides many others here and elsewhere in the State. These men have proved their faith by their works—by speaking, writing, and subscribing stock. But Mr. Bragg cannot show that he ever opened his lips, or wrote a word in favor of the doctrine, or that ever subscribed a dollar's worth of stock in any rail road on the face of the earth, although there are three of these running through his own county of Northampton. Such is the history of the man, whom his party wish to palm off on the people of this State as a good internal improvement man. Can the people swallow him? Is he the man for the times? What claims has he to the internal improvement sentiment of the country?—None! None!! None!!! Then let every friend of internal improvement black-ball him at the ballot box on the 3rd day of August next.

The Standard says that Gov. Graham's communication to the Recorder, in relation to the charges made against him by that paper, "is alike unfair, unjust, and jesuitical." We suppose the Standard reconsiders it, because he finds himself caught in his own trap. He charged Gov. Graham with having betrayed the confidence reposed in him in a private letter; but when Gov. Graham states that the letter was not addressed to him as an individual, but contained a proposition to the Whig party, and that its contents were *necessarily* to be communicated to various individuals, and places the evidence of this matter at the disposal of the Standard, the editor feels the awkwardness of his position, and thinks that the Governor was "unfair" in placing him in it.—Perhaps he was. The Standard cannot publish his letter to Gov. Graham without exposing himself; and to withhold it now that it is placed at his disposal, leaves room for suspicion. This is an unpleasant dilemma, and we do not wonder that the Standard feels uneasy under it.—*Hillsboro' Recorder.*

Cornered.—The editor of the Standard, in his issue of the 12th instant says he has read the article in the Recorder in reply to his in relation to Gov. Graham and this paper, and has also read the letter of Gov. Graham; and adds: "We shall postpone this controversy, as well as all matters personal, until after the election." This is just what we expected he would do. It is his habitual practice, when his falsehoods or misrepresentations are exposed, either to "postpone" the subject, or shift his ground. He has not the manliness, when convicted of error, or when his slanders are refuted, to make any acknowledgment. He has no sense of justice that would induce him to withdraw a charge made against an individual for political effect, no matter how innocent that individual may have been proved to be. Such is the Standard.—*Hillsboro' Recorder.*

A CARD FROM BAXTER.

We have a card from John Baxter, Esq., late Speaker of the House of Commons, relative to the Edney & Co. business, about which we have heard so much; but really it is hardly worth while to publish it at length,—the game is not worth the candle. Edney has been so thoroughly demolished, that further evidence of the character of the man and of his testimony is unnecessary. Lest, however, some people might say that the statements made by Edney concerning Col. Baxter, had not been contradicted, we will quote the language of the Colonel on this point. He refers to a sentence in Edney's communication, containing the charge against him, and says,—"In this sentence *there is not a word of truth;* and if the existence of this statement had been known to me before, it would have met as it now does, with a prompt denial. Indeed, with those acquainted with the fact, a denial is unnecessary. The falsehood is manifest upon the statement itself. So much for that.

The Colonel proceeds at some length, however, to prove the utter falsity of Edney's declarations.

He then alludes to the sole statement of Edney, about Gen. Dockery, Mr. Stanly, and other gentlemen offering him $400 to electioneer for Kerr; and gives us the following sugar plum, which is about the spiciest piece of confectionery we have relished in some time past.

"Here, where Gen. Edney is known, several points strike us as remarkable.—First, the weakness of those distinguished gentlemen in supposing that the General could aid us in this part of the State; and secondly, that he *declined* to receive the sum tendered. Such folly, on the one hand, and integrity on the other, was never suspected till published to the world in this formal way.

On the whole, it is one of the keenest documents we have met with lately.

Daily Herald.

THE PURPOSES OF THE SOUTH.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, a generally well-informed writer, in a recent letter says:

The purposes attributed to the South by a majority of Northern representatives in Congress may be summed up as follows:

1st. The acquisition of Cuba, and its annexation to the Union as two slave States.

2d. The conquest of Hispaniola; the reduction of its million inhabitants to slavery, and the introduction of Dominica and Hayti into the Union as two slave States.

3d. The admission of Porto Rico as a slave State.

4th. The conquest or purchase of Mexico, and its admission as slave States to the number of ten or twelve.

5th. The re-establishment of the African slave trade.

6th. The passage of a sedition law by Congress, which will prohibit public discussion on the subject of slavery.

7th. The repeal of all laws of the free States prohibiting the taking of slaves and holding them there by citizens of slave States. This object would be accomplished by a decree of the Supreme Court, in the Lemmon case, affirming the claims of Virginia and Georgia in that case.

8th. A destruction of the democratic element in the Government as incompatible with the safety and interests of the South and her institutions. The proposition involves the abolition of the House of Representatives.

9th. An extension of the powers of the Senate, and a limitation of the number of Senators, by cutting off the representation of the part of the States.

10th. Such a modification of the form of government as will assimilate it to that of Venice, in which the patricians, represented by the Senate, shall exercise legislative and executive power.

It is probable that few men out of Washington will attach the slightest credibility to the list of aggressions so astounding as the foregoing, and yet, having carefully, candidly, and impartially studied the policy of the South in its relations to the General Government, for the past twenty years, I am compelled to believe that an attempt will be made to carry out the vast scheme of encroachment in all its details. The very men who will most loudly scout the suggestion of any such design, as chimerical and visionary, will do much to carry it into effect. It is certain that nearly the entire Democratic party North and South, are prepared to aid in the acquisition of all the territory embraced in the above schedule of measures. Expansion southward is a peculiar doctrine of the democracy. The South will thus be gradually clothed with power to enforce all her demands. That she will display greater moderation in using than in acquiring this power there is not the slightest reason to expect.

KANSAS TERRITORY.

We extract the subjoined paragraph from an article in the last Mississippian, written by one of the largest slaveholders, Dr. Williams, of Hinds county, whose reputation as a shrewd, intelligent and practical man extends over the State.—Dr. Williams states that Kansas is secure for the South beyond all contingencies. "There remains," says he, "no doubt but that Kansas has already made a beginning which insures it a slave State." The climate, soil and productions of the territory are eminently adapted to slavery, and slave-holders of Missouri and the adjoining States are taking, or have taken, the necessary steps to fix its condition.—He says:—*South Carolinian.*

"All of the best locations in the Territory have already been staked out, and the foundation for a log cabin laid, by hundreds and thousands of slave owners from the bordering slave counties in Missouri, who have entered in solemn pledges to protect each other in his claim, and to keep all abolitionists from the Territory. There remains no longer a doubt, but that Kansas has already made a beginning which insures it a slave State.—Greely and the abolitionists may flounder and flatter until they are satisfied, Kansas is now a slave territory, and will be a slave State. There are already enough slave owners entered in Kansas to whip out all the abolitionists who may dare to pollute the soil with their base and incendiary feet. The slave owners of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, by hundreds and thousands, will soon seek that delightful country; and, would you believe it, Mr. Editor, Mississippians have already been in the Territory, and staked out claims in the names of men whom they have taken along to erect a log cabin on each pre-emption? It, however, cannot be supposed that many Mississippians, for any inducement, would be willing to encounter the polar region of the 40th parallel. Mississippi once enjoyed a reward for labor, and a prosperity unsurpassed by any State in this Union.—She may do it again by following a few plain rules of common sense: raise all the mules, pork, and wool, necessary for home consumption; and all the wheat required in the counties adapted to its growth. When this is done, Mississippi will again have another bright day of sunshine and prosperity.

Conversation of the South.—Jno. Mitchel says:—"In the chivalrous South the individual, in vindication of his honor, of which the law of the land takes no cognisance, practices a code that violates alike the statute and the common law. The consequences, for the most part, rest with the individual. But you will rarely see mobs assembling to burn churches, or to violate the constitution, south of Mason and Dixon's line. There the majesty of the law is respected and upheld by the aggregate people. There no Angel Gabriel sounds his horn, disturbing the quiet Sabbath, and calling together bands of fiendies. There, no Salem witchcraft, nor Blue Laws, nor Bloomerism, nor Woman's Rights, nor Mormonism, nor Millerism, nor Anti-Popery, nor Spirit-rapping, nor Socialism, nor other monstrous productions, have sprung up to choke the healthy growth of freedom. These poisonous weeds and fungi belong to the North, and are cultivated to highest perfection by the wise men of the East. In the South there is no persecution for conscience' sake. It was the South—the Catholics of Maryland—that first set the example of religious toleration to Northern men and to the rest of the world; and Bancroft, whom New England claims as its own, eloquently dwells upon the fact. And still the North not only lags behind the South in a true estimate of this, the first principle of human freedom, but is retrograding to the chamels of the Roundheads in quest of the dry bones of a decayed fanaticism."

Holloway's Pills.—The Pills prepared by the celebrated Professor Holloway, are one of the greatest blessings ever discovered, for the alleviation of certain departments of human misery. Combining as they do some of the choicest offerings of the Vegetable World, concocted under the supervision and knowledge of a highly scientific Gentleman, it is not at all strange that they have effected the most astonishing Cures. For any of that numerous class of complaints, growing out of an impure state of the blood, the Pills are marvellously happy and thorough in their action. There are few maladies which if treated early, will not be nipped in the bud by this Medicine, while for not a few, it is a positive specific.—*Boston Bee.*

The Ward Case Again.—The Louisville Courier learns that on Saturday last after a patient, full and thorough investigation of all the facts in the case, I. C. Chenowith, one of the Hardin Co., jurymen, was expelled from the Baptist Church at Elizabethtown. Among other things it was conclusively proved that before the trial he had repeatedly expressed an opinion in regard to the matter, and we understood such other evidence was elicited as has made it necessary to bring the matter to the notice of the Grand Jury.

THE TORY LOVER:

A Tale of the Battle of Brandywine.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

On the outskirts of the village of Newark, in Delaware, stood, at the time of our story, a neat farm cottage, with a majestic elm growing before the door. In the distance, over the fields and woodlands, could be seen the spires of the town, and silvery glimpses of the Delaware, with a group of war vessels anchored full three leagues off. The cottage stood a little way back from the dust of the frequently travelled road with a greensward between. It had an inviting appearance of comfort, and never failed to attract the hearty attention of passing travellers.

The sun was near setting, one pleasant afternoon, in September, 1777, when a young man half in uniform, half in citizen's dress, stepped out of the cottage door, followed by a young and interesting girl, who was clinging to his arms, and evidently in earnest entreaty with him. He was tall and handsome, though sunbrowned, and bore the appearance of a young farmer. She was rustic, too, in her dress, but her face was very fair and beautiful, and her manners refined above the condition to which she seemed to belong. Tears were in her large blue eyes, and one of her hands clasped his, while the other lay languidly upon his brawny shoulder.

'Why will you go, dear George, into this dreadful contest? To-morrow you may have to be brought home to me a mangled corpse. Oh, fearful! Say you will not go and war against your own country. This is the worst of all!'

'I am a royal king's man, Annette, and if I fight, it must be on his side. The people are rebels, and will yet be put down, and heads will fly from the scaffold, ere long, like wheat from the sickle.'

'No, never. The cause is a right one, and a holy one, George, and Heaven will prosper it,' she answered with enthusiasm. 'I am grieved that one that I so dearly love—to whom my troth was plighted before this quarrel broke out, and tory and rebel were unknown—should now be going forth armed, to join the foes of my country, against our brethren. If we are wrong, yet we are your kindred—your neighbors—and should unite your sympathies with us.'

'You need not speak, dear Annette. I am resolved, in the approaching battle, to draw my sword for my king.—Cornwallis and Howe are now within a few leagues, marching on Washington, and on to-morrow the battle will take place, and Philadelphia be in our hands.'

The maiden was silent for an instant, with her face hid—at length she spoke, and said, gravely—

'Dear George, I feel as if I was called upon to sacrifice my love for you to my country's honor. How can I love my bleeding country, and at the same time him, whose sword is ready to pierce its bosom? Turn, for my sake, George, and be an American in heart, as you are by birth, and as you should be in honor.'

'You need not urge me, Annette,' said the young man impatiently, 'I will never draw my sword in favor of a rebel cause.'

'Be it so, and I pledge myself never to give my love to a *traitor!*' answered the maiden, with spirit. Thus perish the troth that has been plighted to one who has proved false to himself and his country.'

And thus speaking, the spirited girl took from her finger her betrothed ring and cast it at his feet.

The young tory lover gazed upon her with surprise and anger, which, as he saw her re-entering the dwelling with a resolute step, without even casting a glance upon him, instantly changed into one of entreaty.

'Stay, Annette, do not leave me thus. You are not surely in earnest? Come back and let me talk with thee. If you can thus idly break your troth, I love you too well to do so myself.'

'You love me, George Lee! she repeated, with scorn: 'you love me! when you are ready to draw your weapon, and aim your rifle at the hearts of my father and brother, who are in the ranks of Washington, ready to do and die for their country! I will have none of it. Go, traitor to love and honor! fight for thy tyrant, king George, and be his slave, as he is thy master!'

With these spirited words, the young girl entered the house, and closed the inner door, thus shutting off all further speech with her unworthy and recreant lover.

The young volunteer of toryism stood for a moment looking both mortified and angry, and happening to see the ring at his feet, in the sudden and bitter feeling of the moment, he ground it into the earth with his iron heel.

'Yes, let it and her perish, if they will. I am a fool to love a rebel's daughter and a rebel's sister.'

Thus speaking, he strode moodily to the elm before the door, where his caparisoned horse was standing, and vaulting into the saddle, spurred at full speed in the direction of the British army.

The following day, the country for miles around the cottage was echoing with artillery and the roar of musketry. Two conflicting armies were engaged in deadly contest close at hand, and in the scene of death and honor, Annette had a father, a brother, and—shall we say it—a lover! for though her patriotic feelings made her cast him off, her affection still retained his image in her heart. On all sides columns were charging, engaging, retreating, and the tide of battle now rolled this way and that, and still came in the direction of the road that leads past the cottage.

Annette was part of the time fearfully watching the clouds of smoke that marked the progress of the combatants, and part of the time on her knees for those she loved—and was George Lee excluded from the petition? Let each maiden's own heart answer.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of artillery and the roar of battle! She stood, with her aged mother and gathered neighbors, upon the green beneath the elm, in painful expectation. The smoke of the battle rolled onward. Now they could hear the shouts of the soldiers in the fight. Their position commanded a view of a mile along the road, and soon they beheld scattered troops flying across it, at its extremity, and disappearing in the woods. Then came a squadron of horses, broken and retreating, and then artillery drawn in full gallop, came into the road.

The American flag flew from staffs stuck on the gun carriages, and Annette knew that her countrymen were defeated. Louder and more fearful now grew the uproar of the battle beyond the wood, and regiment after regiment, broken and terrified, filled the road, and were retreating along it towards Chester, and past the cottage. Annette's anxiety for her countrymen, and for her father and brother, would not let her quit her post, and the tide of the battle came rolling past her, a terrible spectacle! The dragoons galloped by, eaching horseman riding by himself, with reins upon his saddle bow; then came the artillery thundering along, followed by a multitude of soldiers without order or discipline, flying at the top of their speed.

'Oh, shame!' she cried, with hot tears in her eyes; 'oh! that I were a man; and in the saddle, methinks my single arm would retrieve the day! Where is Washington? He certainly cannot fly.'

As she spoke she heard on her right, down the road, a loud commanding voice, calling on the retreating men to rally.—She turned and beheld Washington himself, who, hearing of the giving way of the right wing, had come at the head of a regiment to sustain it. His voice and presence now instilled new life into the flying soldiers, and soon they rallied in the road, and presented a front to the columns of the British, who were pursuing. Gen. Howe seeing this demonstration of resistance, and knowing Washington to be there in person, withdrew from pursuit, satisfied with having routed the wing. The American troops then slowly retreated, in good order, towards a strong position on the heights not for off.

Annette was delighted to see that among those who fled were neither her father nor her brother, but she was pained to discover among the pursuers her own false lover, who, seeing her at a distance, reined up his horse and turned aside, hoping to escape her notice.—When she saw this, she resolved she would not only banish him forever from her heart, but from her thoughts. But the resolutions of a maiden in love are made only to be broken, especially when the lover is the object of them.

It was almost eight o'clock, the evening of the battle, when Annette was seated at her door, listening to every footstep, expecting her father and brother. It was a pleasant night, but the time was a sad one. She fancied the winds wafted to her moans of the dying and wounded, from the woods and fields around, where the fight had been, and her heart was full of forebodings of evil to those so dear to her. All at once she heard the approach of horses' feet, and starting up with solicitous expectation—for she knew neither her father nor brother were mounted—she waited nervously the advance of the horseman along the road. He came at a slow pace, and as he drew nearer, she discovered by the light of the moon that he was wounded. Instead of passing the house towards the town, he turned up at the door, and rode towards her. She was too familiar with scenes of danger, and the incidents of those warlike times, to feel alarm, and quietly waited his approach to the door stone.

"Good evening, maiden," he said with a foreign accent; "I and my horse are both wounded, and he will carry me no further, I fear."

There was something in the general tone of the stranger, as well as in his noble figure and engaging address, that immediately interested Annette in him; and without asking whether he was a friend or a foeman, she invited him to alight and enter the dwelling. With some difficulty he got to the ground, for his leg was stiff with his wound. She assisted him, and received his grateful thanks.—He then examined first his horse's wound, and with her and dressed it, and put him into the shed and protected from the night air, with plenty of hay. When this was done, he went with her into the house, and submitted his foot and ankle, which had been injured by a canon shot, to the skill of the mother and daughther.

Annette then provided him with refreshments, and tried to make him as comfortable as possible, without knowing whether he was one of her country's invaders or defenders: but his foreign accent led her to suspect that he was the former. But Annette was a Christian, and she remembered and obeyed the injunction of our Saviour—'If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink.'

The ensuing morning the grateful stranger was about to leave. His horse was at the door, much improved as well as his master.

"My sweet maid," said the officer, "you must take gold, for I can repay the hospitality in no other way."

"Cease to fight against my country, is all I ask, sir,' said she, warmly.

The officer smiled, and said, "Have you, then, regarded me as a foe, and still done all this for me?"

"I have done my duty, sir!"

"You are a noble girl, and I am happy to let you know that you have not thrown your hospitality away upon one undeserving of it. I am an officer under Washington."

The stranger then remounted his horse, and was about taking leave of her, and Annette had no league to ask him who he was, when two men made their approach before the house with guns and knapsacks.

"Father and brother!" cried she joyfully, receiving their embrace, as they hastened towards her.

"What officer is this?"

"He says he is under Washingtoh."

The young man glanced at his face, which had been turned from them, and answered, with pride and pleasure, "Do you not know him? It is the young French General Lafayette."

They went towards him, and paid their respects, informing him that there had been fears he had been slain.

'No, no,' he said, 'my brave men, I heedlessly wandered from my staff after night, and coming to this house was hospitably entertained by the maiden who mistook me for an English officer, yet did nothing lack in her charities. You are honored, Monsieur, in having so generous a child.'

Thus speaking, the young French soldier made his adieu, and rode away.

After congratulating each other upon their safety, the brother told her that he had only come to see her for a few hours, and was to return to the army the same night. They told her also that the column which pursued their right wing along the road past the cottage, had afterwards been met by general Knyphausen, and had been compelled to give up much of the vantage ground it had gained, with the loss of a great many men, slain and taken prisoners. Annette recollected that George was in this division, and she would have asked intelligence of him, but *pride* kept her silent. At length her brother and father went in the house, and she was following them, when a young man who had been a rival of Geo. Lee, rode up to the door, alighted, and called in a high tone of voice to her brother—

'Ho! Reuben, did you hear the news? Geo. Lee was taken last night skulking in our camp, and is to be hung this afternoon, as a spy!

Annette heard it, and came near falling to the ground. She, however, recovered herself, and with a bursting heart, hastened, without making any outcry, to her own chamber. She still loved her tory lover, and now that he was likely to die, all her heart bled for him, and her love returned in all its strength.

'He shall not die!' she said, resolutely, 'I will save him.'

That afternoon Geo. Lee was brought out for execution in the rebel camp. Lafayette was in his tent, when Annette, breaking through the guards, threw herself at his feet, and implored his intercession for her lover's life. He recognized his hostess, and hastened with her to Washington. What he said to his chief we know not: but we do know that Geo. Lee was pardoned, and the next day was attached to Lafayette's body guard. In the subsequent battles of the revolutionary struggle, he distinguished himself by his valor and devotion to the American cause, and at the close of the war was married to Annette, whose patriotism was rewarded by the fulfillment of those hopes of love which she had so nobly sacrificed in behalf of it.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED, that Thomas Bragg, the Loco Foco candidate for Governor, when in the Legislature in 1842 moved a preamble to the bill to invest a portion of the bonds of the Wilmington Railroad in the Literary fund, declaring that he wished the people to see *what party was responsible for getting the State into debt* on account of the railroads then in the State.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED, that this same Thomas Bragg had never, until his nomination for Governor, *as far as is known*, made a speech, written a word, nor subscribed a cent in favor of any railroad or other work of internal improvement in North Carolina; but, on the other hand, was always considered an anti-internal improvement man, and stumped the county of Northampton against railroads.

Wilmington Herald.

Some "Natives."—Any one desirous of seeing some specimens of genuine African Aborigines, fresh from the canebreaks and jungles, can have their curiosity gratified by visiting the bark Carrier-Pigeon, lying at the Atlantic Dock warehouses, where her cargo of palm oil is discharging. One of the dusky individuals referred to, is attired in full native costume, which consists of a handkerchief tied around the waist. To stretch out on the deck under a boiling sun, seems to be regarded by them as the height of felicity. Their language is not taught in any of our Universities.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Extract from a letter to the Editor of the Wilmington Herald, dated

"GRAHAM, July 11, 1854.

"All is right in Alamance. Gen. Dockery will get the full Whig vote and a good many Democrats in August."