The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, Editor. "Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty." T. J. HOLTON, Publisher.

VOLUME I. CHARLOTTE, N C., SEPTEMBER 22, 1852. NUMBER 35.

HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year.

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 quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

All letters relative to the Editorial Department must be directed to the Editor. And all letters on business for Job Work, &c., must be directed to the Publisher. All letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

Payments can be made to either.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

HASTY SOUP.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Ye lovers of good Hasty Soup
Well-spiced with Graham Bread;
See how the startled Locos drop,
Before the war horse tread.

Already now they hear their doom,
In tones of old Whig thunder;
While Churubusco's cannon boom,
Farewell to Pierce and plunder.

Our foes for once mistake their game;
Loud let the welkin ring,
From Maine to Georgia's sunny plain,
Our Freemen want no King.

Oh! Cerro Gordo's on the track,
With mien erect and fierce,
While frightened Locos, looking back,
Exclaim, alas for Pierce!

But still our hero pushes on,
The race is getting hot;
While Pierce and King in anguish groan,
Then clear the track for Scott.

Deep in the ditch they seek to lodge
Each after the other falls;
From morn till night they're seen to dodge
Old Cerro Gordo's balls.

Then when emerging from the fight,
Our foes in full retreat,
Sweet river's cooling shades invite
Their weary wandering feet.

Then here's three cheers for Hasty Soup
Three more for Graham Bread;
For with this motto brave Whig troops
To victory are led. JERSEY BLUE.

Miscellaneous.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

COUSIN HELEN.

BY DORA.

"This marriage, my dear Frank has ever been my fondest wish; and your uncle Woodford regards its consummation as a source of happiness to us all. The union of the two estates is highly desirable."

"I know, uncle, you always wish my happiness, and I feel that I owe to you almost any sacrifice, as a reward for your fatherly kindness towards me; but impressions of cousin Helen are of such a nature, that I fear I can never love her as she merits. I am convinced we could never contribute to each other's happiness. My own heart tells me so."

"Nonsense, Frank. Remember you and Helen were but children when these impressions were produced, and eight years makes a wonderful change. Helen is very lovely and amiable, your uncle writes me; she is not at all the thoughtless school girl, who, at twelve years, produced upon your mind such an ineffaceable impression of dislike," he added, laughing.

"A fairy's wand must have been exercised to render those irregular features lovely and tamed the little hoyden's spirits into amiability," said Frank, with some bitterness in his tone; "however, I think you and uncle Woodford have been dealing rather freely with our hearts—giving them away without our consent. Very likely, however, the lady has some prior claimant to hers. With all deference to you, uncle, I sincerely hope this may be the case."

"You talk like a foolish child;" said Mr. Ormsby, smiling, though half vexed. "Who would think this proposal would even shade your brow? Why, Frank, you ought to be delighted at your brilliant prospects—a wife, young, pretty, amiable and accomplished, and a mistress of a fine fortune if she weds yourself; this, with what I possess, which will all be yours, if you don't thwart my will, is almost sufficient to constitute you a millionaire."

Frank sighed audibly.

"Come, come; I shall surmise that *your* heart acknowledges some prior claim."

The remembrance of a sweet face encountered a few weeks before, in a picture gallery of New York, flitted before Frank's mental vision, but he returned, carelessly,

"I should not think Miss Helen would much fancy a negociation of this kind."

"Helen is a good girl," replied his uncle, warmly, "and doubtless willing to abide in all things by the decisions of her guardian."

Frank Ormsby was the nephew and adopted heir of a very wealthy and somewhat eccentric bachelor, who among other fancies, had betrothed him to an orphan cousin, and the ward of his uncle Woodford. The parties had never met but once, and then so unfavorable was the impression produced, that the respective guardians avoided all further allusion to the subject, and trusted to time for the result they so fondly wished.

Frank Ormsby, therefore, passed his school and college life and a year in Europe, without hearing the name of Helen in connection with his own; indeed, he had nearly forgotten her existence, until, on his return home, his uncle broached the subject. Helen had completed her education, and the guardian uncles were desirous that their wards should become more acquainted. Mr. Woodford therefore proprosed visiting Ormsby Lodge, and bringing its lady in prospective—and this caused the conversation between uncle and nephew, a part of which we have narrated.

We will not deny that there was a still deeper reason for Frank's unwillingness to concur in his uncle's opinion, but this he hardly acknowledged to himself. A half formed hope that the sweet face might again bless his vision, induced him to depart to New York, especially as his uncle and Helen were not expected for several weeks.—The next morning he announced his intention to his uncle Ormsby.

"Very well, Frank, and much happiness go with you—only do not fail to bring a whole heart to Ormsby Lodge, for Helen will not be satisfied with a divided one.—And remember, I have set my mind upon this match, and shall not be easily thwarted."

Several days passed, and Frank Ormsby mingled in the gay festivities of the city.—Young, handsome, and with the reputation of wealth, he was the recipient of much attention, and the cynosure of many a bright-eyed beauty, as well as scheming mother. Perhaps, notwithstanding his uncle's directions, he might have bowed to the charms of some "faire ladye," but he never forgot the vision of the picture gallery, nor ceased to watch for its recurrence.

"How sadly the past few weeks have clouded my mind," thought Frank, as one evening at a brilliant assembly, he withdrew from a gay circle to a secluded corner. "This marriage, in contemplation makes me wretched. My uncle will never forgive me for thwarting his wishes, yet I cannot offer to Helen a heart which is not mine to give. Besides, I could never love her were it not so."

Reason whispered,—

"Perhaps you can, you have not seen her, and she is very lovely."

But memory arose, and presented the careless school-girl of twelve summers, with her very irregular features, and rather exuberant features—and Frank turned from the picture with a sigh. Just then a voice of silvery sweetness fell upon his ear. The tones attracted him, and turning his head—could it be possible? The same sweet face that had haunted his mind so long, appeared. It was a young lady of perhaps twenty, with a form of great symetry, a fair complexion and features not perfectly regular, but that was more than compensated by the earnest, soulfull expression of her deep blue eye, and the sunny smile that seemed to fling the radiance of a peaceful, happy heart over her countenance.

"Beautiful!" Frank murmured; "Oh, that Helen were like her!"

"Ah, Ormsby, I perceive that your eyes are wandering in the direction of yon fair divinity. Allow me the pleasure of presenting you, and thereby adding another devotee to the shrine of the incomparable."

"Peace, Marvin, and tell me who she is; her name—"

"And lineage? Well, I cannot tell precisely from what long line of ancestry—"

"Will you never have done jesting, Marvin?" said Ormsby, gravely. "In sober earnest, I ask you the lady's name—nothing more."

"And in sober earnest I will answer you—Miss Allen. Not a very romantic appellation, I confess, but we are past the age of romance now. Doubtless the lady will choose some other title ere long, although I very much fear if you bear that rueful countenance, it will not be Ormsby."

Frank was thinking of Helen.

"Perhaps Marvin," he said, attempting to smile.

"No, I believe I have left my heart safe in the keeping of a little black-eyed cousin in the Green Mountain State. But let me introduce you;" and Marvin led Ormsby forward as he spoke.

Miss Allen was standing by some engravings, and conversing in an unaffected manner upon their merits, with one or two friends. She received Frank with graceful dignity, although Marvin fancied she gave a slight start as if of surprise on first hearing the name, and the roseate hue of her cheek grew a shade deeper.

Frank lingered by her side. There was an irresistible charm in her fair, young countenance, a freshness in her smile, and a music in her low, sweet voice, that charmed him, and ere the evening was past, he had mentally resolved to win her, if possible—and wished from the depths of his heart, that Helen and his uncle would take a voyage to the Red Sea.

The next day Frank encountered Marvin.

"Ah, Ormsby," was the gay salutation of the latter, "was you not charmed with Miss Allen? Come, confess the the truth that you are ready to die for her sake!"

"I trust the fair lady will require no such sacrifice as a proof of my fealty; but, Marvin, can you tell me ought of her? She is a friend of the Lanes, I believe."

"Yes, Mr. Lane is her uncle, and she is from one of the Middle, or Southern or Western States, perhaps from California, but really, I have forgotten. As to her prospects, I cannot say much. I have heard she is an heiress, but cannot vouch for its truth."

Frank called at Mr. Lane's that evening, and Miss Allen received him with evident pleasure. He had an acquaintance of several years with the Lanes, and was in the habit of occasionally passing a spare hour at their residence. Now, a new motive induced him to visit their mansion. Weeks passed, and he was ever by Marie Allen's side. He had never avowed his love, yet he was conscious that she understood and reciprocated his sentiments. He yet knew nought of her, but that she was an orphan. She might be penniless, but he never gave that a care.

"I cannot endure this state of suspense," he one day mused. "I love Marie Allen, and I am sure my affection is returned.—Daily I am expecting a summons home, to receive the bride my uncle has chosen for me. Shall I be false to myself, to Helen, and wed her? No, I cannot. I will seek Marie, and unfold my hopes to her—I will relinquish all claim to my uncle's fortune, and if she will share my lot, win a name and home for her.'

With these thoughts he went to Mr. Lane's.

"For Miss Allen," he said, as he gave his card.

"She is not here—she left yesterday," was returned by the servant.

"Gone!" exclaimed Frank, "and when will she return?"

Just then Mrs. Lane appeared.

"Miss Allen left yesterday, very unexpectedly. Her uncle came to take her to visit some friends previous to their homeward departure."

Frank longed to inquire if she left no message for him, but he could not bring himself to ask Mrs. Lane, and declining her polite invitation to enter, he sought his hotel. On his return he found a letter awaiting him. It was from uncle Ormsby, urging his immediate return.

"Helen and Mr. Woodford have arrived at Ormsby Lodge," he wrote, "and I am anxious to present you. Helen is very lovely, more so than I have dared to anticipate—and as good as she is beautiful. You will be charmed with her, Frank."

"Never!" exclaimed Frank, crushing the letter in a very undignified manner, and then like a dutiful nephew, he commenced preparations for departure.

On the homeward journey, he formed his plans. First, he was determined to dislike Helen excessively, and treat her with the most dignified politeness. He would unfold to his uncle, to Mr. Woodford, and to Helen herself, if necessary, the impossibility of their union; then seek Marie Allen—whose precise residence he could ascertain from the Lanes, and place his happiness in her hands.

Mr. Ormsby received him warmly—Frank sighed to think that he must thwart his kind uncle's intentions.

"I shall present you with a treasure, in Helen," said the old gentleman, as they sat together in the library. She is lovely, amiable, and possesses a mind of the highest order and many rare attainments. Both Mr. Woodford and myself anticipate the most brilliant prospect of happiness for you. It has ever been a darling dream with us."

"And is Helen to have no voice, uncle? She may not fancy me."

"Helen is a good girl, and willing to marry the one her guardian has chosen, I presume—although I have never asked her, but left that for you to perform."

"I shall certainly never perform it, uncle. Helen Woodford can never be my bride."

Frank spoke in a resolute tone—Mr. Ormsby looked astounded.

"Command me in what else you please," he continued; "I will no longer conceal my sentiments from you. I could not bring a heart worthy Helen's acceptance, for I have given it to another, and one well worthy affection. I will relinquish all claim to fortune, uncle—I only ask your forgiveness—and if my Marie but consents to partake my lot, I will depend only on my own exertions."

"Then you have not yet received her consent?" said his uncle, in an inquiring tone.

"No, I have never sought her hand in words."

"Then there is hope yet. Only see Helen, Frank—she will eclipse a dozen Marie's."

Frank steeled his heart against beauty, and followed his uncle into the drawing-room. There were two occupants—Mr. Woodford, and a lady half concealed by the drapery of the window.

"Helen," thought Frank—and turning away, he received Mr. Woodford's cordial greeting. There was a rustling of silk in the direction of the window, and Frank knew he was in the presence of Helen—yet he did not raise his eyes, as his uncle led him forward. A momentary pause succeeded, broken by Mr. Ormsby's—

"Frank—Helen," and a small white hand clasped his own, while a silvery voice repeated his name.

Frank raised his head, and Marie Allen stood before him. She looked more beautiful than ever—with a deep blush mantling her cheek, while a mischievous smile wreathed her lip.

"Helen, Marie, Miss Allen!" exclaimed Frank. "Tell me, I entreat you, that you are not cousin Helen!"

"I am cousin Helen," she replied, blushing deeply. "Forgive me, Frank, for this seeming deception. As Miss Allen you have known me, and I trust to lose no portion of your esteem by being also cousin Helen."

"But I cannot solve the mystery yet," said Frank, with a perplexed air.

"I will soon explain it. My name is Helen Marie Allen. When with my uncle, I am usually called Woodford, although I have never legally assumed that name.—Uncle Lane, my mother's brother, loves best to call me Marie, as it was her name. Of course, with them, I am known as Miss Allen. At first, I was somewhat surprised on hearing your name, but as our guardians had placed us in rather peculiar circumstances with respect to each other, I could not consistently reveal myself."

While she had been speaking, the two gentlemen, as much surprised as Frank by the strange denouement, had considerately left the room—and Frank said as he clasped Marie's hand—

"I have promised never to wed cousin Helen, but Miss Allen, I shall be only too happy to address. Say, dear Marie, may I receive from your lips, the promise to be mine?"

The answer came so low that a passing zephyr bore it from our ears—but it doubtless reached Frank's in satisfactory numbers; for as he pressed a kiss upon her lips he murmured,—

"My own Marie."

From the N. Y. Herald.

CUBA—ORDER OF THE LONE STAR—FORMIDABLE PROJECT OF INVASION.

For some days past the Courier and Enquirer has been publishing a variety of mysterious revolutionary documents, relating to the Island of Cuba: but, as they eminated from a sacred club in the island where anything like the organization of a dangerous conspiracy against its spanish rulers, is the next thing to an utter impossibility, we have scarcely held these seditious buletins to be unworthy of a moment's serious attention. The Courier of yesterday morning, however, in its circumstantial disclosure of a formidable, active, and systemized revolutionary league, in these United States, with the men and the means necessary to conquer the island, and waiting only for the opportunity for a descent upon it, places the matter in the light of the most momentous conspiracy of the times. It thus assumes a practical shape and consistency, compared with which all other projects against European domination of the continent, or its contiguous islands, are visionary and chimerical; and its comprehensive tendencies involve all the hazards of a general war.

According to the statement of our cotemporary, it appears that there exists in this country a secret, wide-spread political association, known as the "Order of the Lone Star,"—but it has numerous divisions established all over the country—that in the city of New York and neighborhood there are some seven or eight divisions, "embracing several thousand men, who have all bound themselves to march, at a moment's warning, to Cuba; that these organizations comprise men of all professions, even including ministers of the gospel," and that "their coffers are rapidly filling with gold." From the authority of Jose Sinchez Yenaga; it further appears that there now exist over fifty divisions of the "Lone Star," in eight or ten of the States of the Union, forming an aggregate of fifteen thousand men, solemnly banded together for the liberation of Cuba. According to the constitution—

"Each member must pay at least three dollars for this initiation, five dollars for the second degree, and five dollars for the third, besides four shillings monthly dues; but nearly, if not all the divisions, have raised the scale of dues. As soon as three divisions exist in any State, a general assembly is formed, composed of two members of each division, elected by ballot. These general assemblies are authorized to pass such by-laws, and regulations as they may judge convenient for the good and increase of the order. The supreme council is composed of two members from each general assembly, elected by themselves, which is charged with the general interests of the order. The council has power to dispose of the funds, to levy contributions if it is deemed necessary, to name officers and agents, and to act as umpire in all disputes of grave moment which occur."

Here we have all the specifications of a systematic and formidable organization, originated by Lopez, and expanded into a sort of consecrated society since the bloody termination of his fatal and final expedition. The duty of vengeance is thus blended with the liberation of Cuba. The immense harvest of spoils, which a successful invasion would give to the conquerors, is thus held out as the reward of a pious crusade in behalf of liberty, and in avenging her fallen martyrs.

We can now account for the importance which the Courier has given to the revolutionary documents emanating from Cuba.—In their connection with the "Order of the Lone Star," they have a deep meaning.—No doubt the conspirators in the island and out of the island, are thoroughly advised of each others's movements, and are operating together in harmony. Powerless as the conspiracy in the island may be, it is intended for the most useful assistance to the invaders, when they shall again hazard themselves in a hostile irruption. Some guiding nucleus of the movement from the United States is indispensable at Havana; and a few sagacious and intelligent men are better than a large body; for if half the men enrolled in this country enlist in any future expedition, or even a third of them, and effect a landing they will require no help from the people of Cuba to effect its subjugation in a very few days. The contest will be one of extermination on both sides; and the achievements of the four hundred badly armed men under Lopez, may afford some estimate of what could be accomplished with four thousand well equipped. The best appointed Spanish force of twenty thousand would not be able to cope with them.

Nor are the obstacles to the mustering of three or four thousand men upon our shores, and their failing too, and landing upon the island, as great as many may suppose.—What was done by Lopez may be done again; and November, December, or January next, would be a good time for the work. The present administration will be going out, and its active supervision over our foreign relations will be to a great degree suspended. The New administration will not yet be in authority; and as for Congress, we apprehend that that branch of the Government will be looking towards the fishing banks, or somewhere else, and will be too slow to overtake the Cuban invaders until it is too late. And that the successful invasion of Cuba, by an overwhelming "liberating expedition" from this country, would be hailed with acclamation by the American people, there is not the remotest shadow of a doubt. It would be a popular thing—the success of the "Order of the Lone Star" is evidence enough of the popularity of the scheme.

We say, then, this is a momentous movement. There is temptation enough in it to lure able, talented, and respectable men—men of character and men of means, to say nothing of the tremendous confiscations of government property and royalist's estates that would follow the liberation of Cuba by an invading army of patriotic adventurers. We should not be surprised to see our neighbor, who failed to become a brigadier general in the Mexican war, appointed, and bravely acting as a major general in the projected conquest with Cuba. He may, even now, be a a member of the Lone Star Association, for all that we know. He certainly appears to have been admitted into their secrets, if not into their councils.—Whether Mr. Webster secretly leans to the acquisition of Cuba, or otherwise, we do not know; but at the time of the last Lopez expedition, he was supposed to be remarkably indifferent to the terrors of the Spanish minister at Washington. In fact, there is no telling how far the speculative schemes of Wall street—financial and political extend, till they are brought to light. We may rest assured, however, that if there shall appear to be a fair prospect for this Cuban enterprise, funds will not be wanting, even from Wall Street to help it on.

With respect to the consequences of a successful liberating invasion of Cuba, they can scarcely be over estimated. The immediate danger with us would be a war with England, France and Spain, all together; and yet from all that we can learn, we must prepare for that contingency, or prepare for the purchase of Cuba, before it is too late to avoid a war. What says Mr. Webster? Let him look to Cuba.

THE RIGHT OF CORPORATIONS.

To make regulations for the government of their employers, was settled by a case recently tried at Dover, N. H. A female operative sued the Salmond Falls Manufacturing Company for $4.50, her alleged due.—The Company acknowledged their indebtedness to the plaintiff, but contended that they were not bound to pay, because she had refused to give two weeks notice of her intention to leave their employ, agreeably to the "Regulation Papers," with which she was furnished when she entered their service. According to the Great Falls Journal, from which we derive the account,—"the court charged the jury that if they were satisfied the plaintiff entered the employ of the company with a full knowledge of this agreement, she could not recover the amount due. That it was not necessary for this agreement to be signed in order to make it binding. That the agreement was binding. That the agreement was binding if plaintiff had entered the employ of defendants under a full knowledge of the regulation. The jury returned a verdict for the defendants. The defendants here gave notice that they would pay $4,20, which was the sum actually due the plaintiff, together with all her taxable costs; that they had not contended for the purpose of keeping the plaintiff out of her pay, but merely to test their right as a corporation to make such regulations for the government of their help.

SPAIN AND THE CUBAN INVADERS.

It is said the Spanish Minister at Washington has called the attention of the President to the fact that organizations are now forming in various sections of the Union, for another invasion of Cuba. The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier & Enquirer in announcing the alarm of the Spanish Minister, adds:

"Spain will contest the possession of Cuba, as it is her just right to do, at *every hazard and with every means of defence that can be procured by her own resources, or if need be, by alliance with other powers.* A vigorous policy has been ordered, and the Captain General of the Island, in obedience to instructions, under the apprehended revolt and invasion, has directed that every person taken with arms in his hands against the authorities, shall be shot within three hours afterwards. A further order has been issued, that in case any officer should refuse to execute the foregoing penalty he shall be shot instantly for contumacy. The failure of our courts to convict the expeditionists engaged in the last crusade against Cuba, has not only encouraged others to repeat that lawless enterprise, but it has created a bad impression abroad as to the ability of the judicial tribunals to administer the law in the face of a morbid state of opinion."

A LARGE RAFT FROM NORTH-CAROLINA.

A few days ago a raft of lumber, containing 60,156 feet, arrived at Norfolk from the yellow pine forests of North Carolina, bordering upon Pamlico sound. One piece measured 591 cubic feet, and is 83 feet long by 32 inches square. The tolls upon it through the Dismal Swamp Canal amounted to upwards of $160, and it sold, delivered at Norfolk, at a price not far short of $17,000. The whole of it is intended for New York, and was towed on Thursday evening, by the steamer *Jereus*, up the Chesapeake bay, and from thence it will proceed through the canals round to New-York. We learn from the Norfolk Argus, that timber can be transported for half as much this way as it costs to ship it in vessels, and that an extensive field is likely soon to be opened, when a profitable trade will be commenced in this business between Norfolk and the Northern cities.

CRYING BABIES.

The subjoined article is sent to the N. Y. Sun by a correspondent. We copy it for the sake of humanity.

"Having heard of an important discovery, made some years ago, of a ready mode of silencing squalling children, I lately, on board of a car, on my way from Newark here, embraced an opportunity of testing its virtues, with the most satisfactory result, upon one of the loudest and most incorrigible little squaliers, I think that ever shocked my weak nerves. The process is a very simple one—all I did was to press one finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of the child's nose, and in less than a minute, to the great amazement of the passengers it was sound asleep. Believing so desirable a piece of information should be generally known, I have concluded to give it publicity."

WHO MEN SHOULD MARRY.

BY MRS. PEARSON.

If you are a mechanic, a farmer, or a follower of any profession by which you expect to support yourself and family, and get rich if you can, surely it is of the utmost importance that you should marry a woman capable of assisting you in your efforts.—She should therefore be possesed of sense, and industrious and frugal habits. Do not, therefore, suffer yourself to be dazzled by a tasty dress, or fall in love with a pretty face, or run crazy after accomplishments; though none of these are to be despised when accompanied with solid sense and useful acquirements.

Suppose now, as you are just beginning life, you marry a young, pretty creature, who knows nothing of house-keeping or plain sewing. You must immediately hire one or more servants, and your wife will not be able to direct them or even decide whether they are prudent and capable. Whereas, if you have the right kind of a woman, she will take pleasure in doing the little work which is required by two persons, and will always be neat and cheerful at the same time. Thus you will save the wages, the board, and the waste of a hired girl, who in so small a family is a useless and troublesome supernumerary. Your wife will be more healthy and cheerful, for the light labor and care of her little household; and depend upon it, an experienced wife does better than an inexperienced servant.

So take a woman's advice, every man of you who earns his living by the labor of his head or hands, and expect of your wife, the performance of the little labors of your household. It will not injure her health, or impair her beauty, but it will save her from a thousand imaginings; it will prevent her poluting her soul with the vile trash of the novelist, with which idleness is fain to "kill" the precious hours of existence; it will prevent her becoming a gadder and a scandal monger; it will keep disorder and waste from your kitchen, and sorrow and shame from your soul. Meanwhile it will be your duty to make her your confidant in all things. Tell her of your success, her joy will make it doubly precious to you. Tell her of your trials, rebuffs, and disappointments; her sweet sympathy and gentle words of hope and cheer, will take all pain and bitterness from your heart. Every sorrow thus shared, will strengthen the bond of love, and knit your hearts intimately together, and in the perfect confidence of such a blessed union, you lean upon each other, and know no fear no bitter grief.

Suffer no ridiculous pride to induce you to assume the appearance of wealth, which you do not possess. Prove your independence and true nobility by living within your means, and letting the world know it. If you know a girl who will be to you such a wife as I have been recommending, you need not fear to marry at once. You will find the expence of your household less than you now pay for the cold and solitary comforts of bachelorship. And there are plenty of girls, who, notwithstanding false educational theories, will feel happy and honored to fill this true woman's sphere at your side. Active duty is ever agreeable, when it has a worthy object. We enjoy a self-respect, a sense of our own importance in the world, an inward approbation in the discharge of our duty, which, when crowned by the loving approval of our dearest friends, constitutes the most perfect happiness. Therefore, if you would desire to have your wife good and happy, make her your confidant, and be assured you will soon find yourself prosperous and possessing a fullness of content, which is far better than passionate and fluctuating happiness.

Can there be anything more deplorable, more contemptible than the too common hypocritical misery of keeping up appearances? And how many are condemned to this constant struggle, deception and fear, by assuming a false position at the commencement. And what did these persons ever gain by their abject slavish taste?—Merely the passing notice of a few fashionables, who doubtless sneered at the pretensions which they tolerated. By daring to appear what you really are, you may command the respect of all classes. By assuming to be what you really are not, will bring upon yourself the hatred of those who look down upon you, and the contempt of those whose society you affect.

Is it not the extreme of folly to sacrifice independence, self-respect, and home comfort, that you may be called on by fashionably dressed persons, and by such recognized in the street, when by this course you forfeit the respect of every sensible person. It is really distressing to see a care worn man toiling all day and deep into night, that his wife and daughters may be fashionably attired, and live in genteel idleness.

This kind of conjugal happiness is confined exclusively to cities and little upstart villages. In the country, people live rationally. When a girl becomes a wife, she expects to keep her husband's house, and assist him in getting a living. And country parents are in no haste to have their girls married, because they are the beauty, the sunshine of their homes, and valuable assistants in all the labors of life.

Now, boys, I am not going to say, do not marry out of your sphere or class. Classes do not make people, though they form habits. If you know an agreeable, sensible, and amiable girl, who is willing to take you for what you are, and accommodate herself to such a mode of life as your income warrants, take her and be happy; but beware how you deceive. If you won her under false colors, if you permit her to deem you that which you are not, and promise what you are not able to perform, and so win her deceitfully, you will richly deserve all the miseries that follow.

When you see your wife disappointed and weeping; when you hear her complaints and upbraidings, and feel that she despises you as a foul deceiver, what can you reply? A woman will forgive a man almost any sin but deception. A deceiver she can neither honor, trust, or love. Therefore, use no concealments. If a young lady refuses to marry you on account of your pecuniary circumstances, let her go; she does not love you. Surely you would not deceive such a one into becoming your wife. If you do, and live miserably or drudge yourself to death to maintain the appearance of her accustomed rank, then you are a poor paltron, a slave, a very fool, and it is your own fault.

Never marry a girl who is ashamed to be seen engaged in any useful and suitable employment. Flee from the girl who sits toying in the parlor, while her mother drudges in the kitchen, as you would from leprosy. She has neither heart nor soul. She will never care how hard you toil to support her selfish idleness.

Once more I conjure you, if you must make your own fortune by mental or manual labor, to seek a wife who will assist you by cheerful labor, her gentle sympathy and judicious advice. If you cannot find such an one, live an old bachelor, and be as sour and surly as you please. Better so than be burthened with a proud, silly and unreasonable wife, and children of her training. So says a woman.

REMOVAL.
(THE SECOND.)

H. B. & L. S. WILLIAMS have removed to E. H. Rowe's

LARGE BRICK HOUSE,

where they will be glad to see all their Friends and Customers.

Received before the injury to Rail Road,

BEEBEE'S HATS

AND

BOOTS & SHOES

H. B. & L. S. WILLIAMS.

September 22, 1852.

Leather.

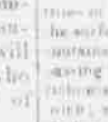
THE undersigned have their New Tannery in Lincolnton, in full operation, and expect from this date to keep on hand a good supply of every kind of LEATHER usually tanned in this section, and having as their Foreman, an experienced Tanner from Lowell, Massachusetts, they will be able to finish Harness and Bolting or Machinery in as good a style, as can be done in the United States. Our prices will be with the cheapest in our country.

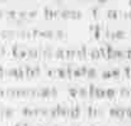
C. C. HENDERSON & SON.

Lincolnton, N. C. May 12, 1852. 17-tm.

Valuable Property—the Reed Gold Mine—for Sale.

BY virtue of a Deed in Trust, executed by A. Hartsell and Timothy Reed, for purposes therein specified, I will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the 12th day of October next, that very valuable Tract of Land, known as the





Reed Gold Mine,

lying in Cabarrus county, North Carolina, on the waters of Meadow Creek, about 14 miles Southeast of Concord. This Mine was of the first discovered in the United States and has never ceased to yield the greatest abundance of vein ore—turning out from [illegible] cents to $100 per bushel; while large quantities of deposite gold have always been found on the surface, well along the [illegible]. The tract contains 745 acres, with veins of Gold and other ores running through all of it. No doubt exists as to the richness of the ores, and the immense value of this mine, and nothing but capital is needed to make it the best property in the country. Capitalists are earnestly requested to examine it.

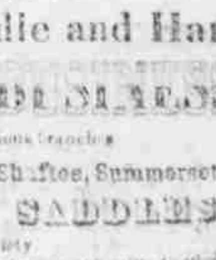
The title is undoubted, and the sale will certainly take place. Terms, 12 months' credit with interest.

Messrs. Hartsell and Reed will show the Mine to persons wishing to purchase. For further particulars, enquire of Rufus Barringer, Esq., at Concord.

THOMAS J. SHINN, Trustee.

Concord, July 12, 1852. 25-t.

New Sadler's Shop.



THE undersigned, would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the house at the east end of Mr. Kerr's Hotel, where he intends carrying on the

Saddle and Harness

BUSINESS

in all its various branches.

Spanish, Shaftoe, Summersett & Ladies

SADDLES

in every variety.

He will not spare any pains to please a generous public.

He would respectfully invite all [illegible] to give him a call and examine for themselves.

All kinds of REPAIRING done with neatness and despatch.

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE taken for work.

W. J. PLUMMER.

Charlotte, May 12, 1852. 16tf

CANARY SEED for sale.

T. J. HOLTON.