

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 4.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 17, 1855.

NUMBER 9.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be affixed to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid in advance. Advertisements inserted monthly at the rate of \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly at the rate of \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. 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.

Doctry.

I think of my child when the sun shines bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

I think of my child when the dew drops bright,
When earth seems to revel in beauty and light,
When the singing of birds, and the humming of bees,
Make a musical world of this desolate tree.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

presently a timid knock at the door was heard. Judge A— jumped up to open it, when a little girl asked if that was Judge A—'s room? Being answered in the affirmative, she continued, "Here's a shirt for you."—told my mother to make for you."

"All right, my nice little Miss," said Judge A—, and straightway began to prepare for donning the much coveted garment, remarking, "It is well made and handsomely done up, too. Smart woman that, Mr. C—."

"Oh! yes; I know she would not disappoint you in any respect."

By this time the Judge had commenced pulling it over him. He pulled, and pulled, as yard after yard passed, and still his head was enveloped in the shirt. He complained of its size, but his friend told him that he had got it twisted, but to hurry on, as twice time they were at the party. Again he set himself to the task, and, by hard struggling got through, finding himself enshrouded in a shirt five yards long and four yards broad, covering over the floor with its ample drapery.

"In God's name," said the Judge, in astonishment, "what is this the woman has sent me?" looking with consternation at the monstrous shirt around and beneath him.

"What is it, I say?"

It was with much difficulty that C— could restrain his laughter, but approaching his enraptured friend, and pulling the huge collar down so that he could see his face, he gazed with apparent wonder, and observed:

"What a silly stupid woman! I told her to get enough to make three shirts; instead of making three she has put the whole into one shirt! But we must hurry up and make the best of a bad bargain; for it is high time we were at the party. You can push it down into your trousers and nobody will be the wiser. So yard after yard was piled away in his unmanageable, thin shirt, which he wore in those days, and that he went to Judge B—'s party, if not the finest dressed, at least the largest shodded gentleman in the crowd."

C— promised not to "blow" on his judicial friend, and kept his word, until he learned that the Judge was compelled to tell it on himself, for unfortunately he carried the big shirt home, and Mrs. Judge A— wanted to know what tremendous big shirt that was in his trunk! He had to out with it; and it being told by the Judge himself, Mr. C— felt at liberty to tell it also; which he does sometimes to the infinite amusement of all who hear him.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WRITTEN MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS.—Some few years ago, a well known botanical doctor was called in to prescribe for a man who kept for sale all kinds of dogs. The patient was a great believer in herbs and botanical productions, and was indeed very ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and as he was leaving the room, said, "Oh, cheer up, Mr. Jones. I'll send you some herb medicine that will put you all right again. I want to find your wife."

To the letter, who he met on the stairs, he said, "Mr. Jones, I'll be back here again very shortly, and meanwhile make your husband a large bowl of peppery tea."

The wife of the sick man was a German woman, and did not exactly understand what was intended. In the evening, when the doctor returned, he asked:

"Well, Mrs. Jones, have you done as I ordered you to do?"

"To be sure, I have, doctor!"

"Well, and how does it operate?"

"Operate, sir! I can't tell, but I'm sure it will kill me when he gets well!"

"How, how will you? What should he kill you for, good woman?"

"Because, doctor, he's been offered two guineas a piece for them peppery and I know he wants the money."

"Peppery, woman," replied the astonished doctor, "what have you been giving your husband?"

"Peppery head tea," replied the woman.

"Peppery head tea! I told you peppery head tea," and the doctor rushed from his patient, who by the way got well, and after a while forgave his wife but never the doctor.

AN IRISH SALUTE.—Two Irishmen were left in charge of a ship while its officers went ashore, and strictly enjoined not to make or permit any noise on board; but a jag of "ould Irish one of them had, and the opportunity for a bit of a spree" were too great a temptation for them to resist. They indulged freely, and as many of our public men have been known to do, soon drank themselves into a patriotic spirit. When one says to the other:

"Be jabsers, and let's give a salute."

"Agreed," says the other, "but that 'ud make the devil's own noise."

"That, man, replied the first, we'll stop that."

"Just you hold a bag over the mouth of the gun, my darling, and we'll have a roaring salute without any noise at all."

"Pat acquiesced in the arrangement and held the bag as directed, while the other two tucked off the cannon. The officers, hearing the report hastened on board where they found only one of the Irishmen, and every thing in a state of bewilderment. He was asked what had become of his comrade.

"Sare," said he, "Patrick was holding a bag over the mouth of the cannon to stop the noise, and he took it off and the last I see of him or the bag they were gone in a great hurry towards the shore and that's the last account I can give."

AN IRISH IDEA.—A judge was about to pronounce sentence of punishment on an Irishman for theft. "And is it upon the oaths of two witnesses you honor's going to condemn me?" asked Pat. "Certainly," said the Judge, "my testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt."

"Oh, murther," exclaimed Pat, "to condemn on the oaths of two spalpeens, who swear they saw me take the goods, when I can bring forth a hundred who will swear they didn't see me do it!"

otherwise be an incomprehensible mystery—the sudden uprising of the country, and these vehement and overwhelming assaults that have been everywhere made upon the National Administration. When the arm was lifted to smite it, it was not for a full hour that it smitten its agents and accomplices. Then for the first time, the nation began to look around to see where it stood—that it had been doing—who were its friends, and who were its foes—and it learned, after a brief investigation, that the causes of political corruption and degeneracy had been in operation long enough to threaten the prosperity of a great and vigorous Republic.

Such was the origin of the Know-Nothing party. The first occasion that met upon the new soil. Assembled in secret, and they did all their work quietly. They admitted none within their enclosure, except native born citizens of the Protestant faith, and men who stood pledged to cast aside all former political ties, and give their support only to such American men, and such measures as were calculated to develop the aspiring spirit of nationality, and annihilate the political and religious influence of foreigners in the United States. These associations spread from district to district, and State to State, and before the society had been two years in existence, its organizations had been formed in every State and Territory of the Union, until now they number, without a doubt, upwards of two millions of able-bodied men.

Will you now ask if these men have the element of cohesion; if they are likely to remain a compact and irresistible body? Why should they not, at least until they have common principles, and they are all inspired, more or less, by a common feeling? The enthusiasm which brings them together, and now keeps so vast an army in discipline, cannot last forever; but it will last until they have achieved their purposes; and that is nothing less than stripping foreigners, Catholics, Jesuits and demagogues of all parties of political power. They will either enact a national statute, greatly prolonging the time of residence to entitle the foreigner to full citizenship, or they will abolish the Naturalization Laws altogether. They will not be satisfied while any man but a native born citizen, of Protestant faith who is friendly to this object, holds an office in the country. This revolution, which they propose to accomplish, will not be achieved until more than half a million of men now administering offices of trust and power, are driven into private life, to give place to the Know-Nothings.

The first intellects of the country, in every community, are giving all their might and power to the accomplishment of this object. The Know-Nothing party, at all points, are with the movement because it has pointed its lance against the Pope of Rome. The spirit, the honest, the unsophisticated—and above all the intelligent mass of the people, join in the crusade, because it has been proclaimed against demagogues. The virtuous, the temperate, and the sober, applaud the movement, because most of the evils of intemperance, which degrade and disgust us, have grown up under the "Caucus System," where, in a thousand different places in every Territory and State, designing demagogues have rallied around them in every run-and-gin-shop, the unprincipled portion of the community, and in their night revels of drunkenness, organized their political machinery for the accomplishment of their objects. National men of all former parties—men who have lamented over the factions that have torn the country—the issues which have disturbed the National Councils, and scattered the virus of jealousy, animosity, and hatred through all the veins of society—such men bid the Know-Nothing party, for they have seen the necessity for those ill-omened agitators, who have promised vast important reforms. And those hundreds of thousands of men who sympathize with Henry Clay in his American policy, with General Jackson in the spirit of patriotism which always inspired him, and with Daniel Webster, who was the best exponent of the spirit of the Federal Union—all combine together, either to give countenance or personal aid to this vast organization.

A greater mistake could not be made, than to suppose that the Know-Nothings are waving war against foreigners, as such. Their chief hostility is, in fact levelled against American native born demagogues, who are known to have intrigues with Jesuit leaders and Catholic Bishops, to buy in foreign votes, and sell American institutions in payment therefor. At the present moment, when the Legislature of the State of New York is in session, and must within a few days elect a Senator of the United States, the whole country is agitated by the question, who the next March is a man of great political sagacity and large public experience; but the conviction is all but universal, that he is a demagogue, rather than a statesman; while he is known to have built up the reputation he has achieved, chiefly by agitator those questions that threaten the permanent union of these States; and his chiefest coadjutors are known to be found within the pale of the Company of Jesuits.

In confirmation of all this, I may state, with entire safety, that I have not yet seen an intelligent European who was travelling in this country or living in the United States, who did not give his sympathies, and openly express them, in favor of the Know-Nothing movement. In all the various States, we have but one report on this subject; and that is, that intelligent foreigners universally take sides with the Know-Nothings. They give good reasons for what they say, and do. They see clearer even, perhaps, than we do ourselves, that the whole body politic of America has been infected by the most corrupt social influences that the Old World had fostered in its bosom. They know well, what we know but imperfectly—that there is not a State in Europe, nor a Principality, with the single exception of Russia, that has not, during the last few years, sent to our shores its paupers and convicts. I know that this is a high accusation to bring against Euro-

pean States; but I know myself from personal knowledge of many years on the Continent of Europe, that it is true.

A strange and very impolitic article has recently appeared in the Edinburgh Review for October, which adds an unnecessarily strong confirmation of this fact so far as Great Britain is concerned. The article is entitled "the management and disposal of our criminal population."

I trust that I have thus given you a few clear indices of the causes which gave origin to the Know-Nothing party—the spirit which guides it—the objects it has to accomplish, and the reasons for believing that it has cohesive power enough to hold together in compact strength, until it has achieved its purposes.

Of course in this correspondence, my feelings are not allowed to enter. My business is limited to giving your readers a transcript, by every steamer, of the events which happen, of the causes of events which may be early discerned, and such expositions of them as will convey to Europeans, as nearly as I am able to do, those impressions they would receive if they were themselves upon the spot. The moral of it all, for Europe, and its governments, I need not indicate.

BLACKING AN ABOLITIONIST.—We learn that on last week an itinerant pedlar, by the name of Webster, selling plates for marking clothing, stopped in Greensboro for a few days, where he deemed it his privilege to advance his views upon any and all subjects, and consequently gave his abolition sentiments public and open exposition. "They didn't go down" so well with the citizens of the place, and we are told by a friend who was present, that he was informed privately to leave the village immediately, but he set himself back upon his courage, and refused to do it until he saw fit; whereupon the young men of the place formed a club to mob him; he then took to his "driving wheels," they pursued through several streets, and overhauled him upon the top of a wardrobe in the dwelling of Mrs. Colt, (he having forced himself into the house.) He was brought back into the town upon a fence rail, and after undergoing a "loot blacking" was placed upon the cars and sent off, resembling slavery very much.—Peele's Banner.

ATTACK BY WOMEN UPON A WHISKY STORE.—The women of Howell, in Michigan, created great excitement on Saturday by a "morning call," as it is termed, at a spirit-store. It seems that the husband of one of the ladies, who was formerly a very hard drinker—at times a confirmed sot, abusive to his family, and an object of reproach to all his friends and acquaintances, but who, when sober, is a man of talents and respectability—has been trying for a few months past to reform. He was induced, however, to drink at the store in question, and this aroused a feeling of indignation in the village. The women of the place, who appear to have had no duties to detain them at home, called a meeting, when it was resolved to proceed at once to the grocery and execute summary vengeance, by pouring the liquor in the street, which they did with hammer and hatchet. The owner whose stock was destroyed intends to take legal proceedings.

There is a good story going the round of the papers in relation to a recent interview between the present head of the French Empire and Ex-President Van Buren, which, if true, is creditable to the former personage. It runs thus: Mr. V. B. visits Paris to unite in the celebration of Washington's birthday. Napoleon hears of his arrival, desires an interview, but is told by the Ex-President that, in as much as he has no court ideas, he cannot present himself before the Emperor; whereupon the latter rebukes his truckling to the monarchical custom, by remarking, "I do not wish to see your clothes, but you." The account goes on to say that Matty and Bonaparte were closeted together for hours, but here the story ends; and the probabilities are, (that such an interview took place, the world will not know the result of it, unless the Frenchman himself proves lenky.

A DARK DAY AT CUMBERLAND.—The Gas Lighted at Noon.—Last Sunday was the darkest day that we have seen since the eclipse of the Sun. Lights were necessary at mid-day to see to read correctly. The darkness appears to have been prevalent over a wide space. One of our Cincinnati exchanges says that lights were necessary in that city at the breakfast and dinner tables, and until after three o'clock in the afternoon it was difficult to read without the aid of illuminations. At high noon, the gutter of gas light, lamp light or candle light, could be seen in many windows, and a queer spectacle it was. A strange, ghastly light shone faintly over the sky, and from every chimney pillars of smoke towered and tattered lazily in the heavy air.—Cleveland Leader, 18th inst.

TREASURE TROVE.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing at Beyrout, Syria, February 11, 1855, states that at Sidon, thirty miles south of Beyrout, while digging for buried treasure in an old grave yard, three copper pots, each containing eight hundred pieces of gold, met the delighted eyes of the adventurous diggers. Each piece was of the value of five dollars, and all bore the name of Philip or Alexander, (160 to 350 B. C.)

STRANGE RECOVERY OF PROPERTY.—The Natchez Courier of the 27th ult. relates a singular story of the recovery of stolen money. Nearly two years ago, Miss William Hood, of Monroe county, Mississippi, was robbed on board a steamer of nearly \$800 in bills. The thief stole the yawl from the boat, and must have been drowned, as on the 17th ult. his body was found by a negro among some drift wood, and in his vest was discovered \$750 of Mr. Hood's bank bills, which have been restored to him.

RAIL ROAD MEETING IN NEWTON.

Pursuant to a previous notice, a convention of delegates from the counties of Burke, Caldwell, Catawba, Alexander, Iredell, and Rowan, met in the town of Newton, for the purpose of devising ways and means to secure the charter of the Western extension of the North Carolina Rail Road.

T. G. Walton, of Burke, was called to the Chair; who rose and addressed the Convention in a beautiful and eloquent manner, for the honor conferred, and upon the great and important object for which they had assembled.

It was moved and seconded, that M. L. McCord, and J. C. Cannon, be the Secretaries of the Convention. Carried.

Moved and seconded and carried, that each of the counties represented in the Convention, be entitled to one Vice President. Appointed A. H. Caldwell, Rowan; A. M. Fowell, Catawba, William Grant, Iredell; Davall Little, Alexander; E. W. Jones, Caldwell, and Joseph Erwin of Burke.

The names of the delegates were then called, who answered to their names as follows:

A large number of delegates attended, which we think unnecessary to publish. Moved by W. W. Avery of Burke, that a committee consisting of two delegates from each county represented, be appointed to prepare business for the Convention.

Moved and seconded; that we adjourn until one o'clock, to-morrow; W. F. McKesson was then called for, who rose and entertained the Convention with a happy and forcible speech upon the necessity and vast importance of a Rail Road through the Western portion of North Carolina.

Moved and seconded, that we adjourn until 1 o'clock, to-morrow. Carried.

Wednesday, 1 o'clock, Convention was called to order. The committee consisting of Messrs. Avery and others, reported the following Resolutions, which were received and read.

The undersigned Committee who were appointed to prepare business for the action of the Convention, beg leave to report the following Resolutions, and recommend their adoption to wit:

Resolved, That the action of the late General Assembly of this State, on the subject of Internal Improvements, meets with our hearty concurrence.

Resolved, That the liberal charter granted by that body for the Western North Carolina Rail Road, and the magnificent subscription thereto authorized on behalf of the State, give promise that a new era is soon to dawn upon the history of Western Carolina.

Resolved, That we are desirous to be organized, without delay, to subscribe the amount required on the part of individuals, upon the organization of the Company, and to forward the great work to its final completion, with all despatch. And to that end:

Resolved, That the General Commissioners appointed by the charter, are requested to meet in the town of Newton, on the 10th of April next, and after their organization, that they give the notice, by advertisement, as directed in the charter, that the books be opened, by the several county commissioners, to receive subscriptions for stock in said Company, as such time as said General Commissioners may designate.

Resolved, That for the purpose of aiding the county Commissioners in procuring subscriptions of stock, we recommend the holding of County Conventions on the Tuesdays of the Spring Terms of the Superior and County Courts respectively, of the several Counties interested in the enterprise.

Resolved, That a General Convention of all the friends of the Western North Carolina Rail Road shall be held at the Town of Statesville, in the county of Iredell, on the 4th day of July next, and the said General Commissioners are requested to report at that Convention touching their progress in getting subscriptions, and the precise amount of stock that may be then subscribed in each county respectively.

Respectfully submitted,
W. W. AVERY.

The foregoing Resolutions were advocated by W. W. Avery with much zeal and ability; and also followed by Hon. J. W. Ellis, in one of his happiest efforts; also, S. R. Caldwell, of Burke, E. W. Jones of Caldwell, M. L. McCord, of Catawba, A. C. McIntosh of Alexander, and James Erwin of Burke, addressed the Convention. Resolutions were then put to the house, and unanimously adopted.

Moved and seconded, that the papers in Western North Carolina copy the proceedings of this meeting.

Carried.

Moved and seconded, that the thanks of this Convention are due and hereby tendered to the Chairman of this meeting, for the impartial manner in which he has presided over this meeting.

The Chairman rose before leaving the Chair, and addressed the Convention, as to those who have us here, but with feelings beyond the prospect of success in the great work before them. The thanks were tendered also to the officers.

Moved and seconded, that we adjourn.

T. G. WALTON, Chm.
M. L. McCord, Secy.
J. C. Cannon, Secy.

WHAT IS A PAMPHLET?—The Post Office Department, in determining the rates of postage legally chargeable on various things, defines what is chargeable with pamphlet postage:

"A pamphlet is a printed but unbound publication, relating solely to some subject of local, ephemeral or temporary interest, or importance only. Hence, with the exception of those not containing more than sixteen octavo pages each, for which, under certain conditions, the act of August 30, 1854, has made special provisions, no publication, although folded and unbound, can be permitted to pass in the mail as a 'pamphlet,' instead of a 'book,' unless its scope and subject are such as to bring it, taken direct from the vein, will produce four times the amount, with the same labor.



Telegraphed for the South Carolinian.]
FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE WASHINGTON.
New York, April 12.—The steamer Washington arrived with Liverpool dates of the 28th ult.

The intelligence from Vienna was unsatisfactory. The allies had not insisted upon the demolition of Sebastopol, but had proposed terms disagreeable to Russia.

On the 17th of March the Russians attacked the whole allied line before Sebastopol, but were compelled to retire with loss.

LIVERPOOL MARKET.
LIVERPOOL, March 28.—Cotton closes firm at the last quotations. Sales of the three days 26,000 bales, including 8,000 to speculators and 2,500 to exporters. Broad-stuffs were unchanged. Canal flour 41 a 42; Southern 43 a 44; Ohio 44 a 45; Corn 42 a 43; Corn 42 a 43. Consols 93.

SECOND DISPATCH.
The news from Sebastopol was not important. The Russians maintain their position. There had been considerable skirmishing, with no decisive result.

Arrangements were making at Constantinople for the reception of Napoleon.

The Vienna Conference would probably be occupied several days with the third point.

France agrees to send 50,000 troops to the Crimea.

Sardinia is in the English market for a loan of \$2,000,000.