The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5. CHARLOTTE, N. C., OCTOBER 21, 1856. NUMBER 85.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (18 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 three months. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

☞Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

SASH, DOOR & BLIND
MANUFACTORY.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

HAVING associated ourselves together for the purpose of carrying on the

CARPENTER AND JOINER'S
BUSINESS

in all its branches, we take this method of informing the public that we are at all times ready to furnish Lumber at short notice, of a superior workmanship. All kinds of Lumber ripped and jointed to order, our sash and Blind machines are in constant operation, which turn off Sash and Blinds in the most approved style. A supply of Sash of various sizes kept constantly on hand at reasonable prices.

☞Orders from a distance for Sash or Blinds or any work in our line will be promptly attended to.

We own a yard and expect to keep a supply of the best Lumber the country affords.

Our machine shop is on College street, East of the Methodist Church, where one of us can be found at any time.

Those wishing to the latest styles of work per country attended to. We would invite the attention of the citizens of Charlotte to the advantages we have of doing work with dispatch and on terms, "By industry we thrive."

RUDISILL & WHISNANT.
May 21, 1856. 1m

☞Thankful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon us by the citizens of Charlotte and the surrounding country heretofore, I ask a continuance of the same, feeling assured that no pains will be spared to please.

JONAS RUDISILL

J. & E. B. Stowe,
MANUFACTURERS OF
COTTON GOODS & YARN,
Stowesville, Gaston county, N. C.,

HAVING opened a House for the sale of their Goods in Charlotte, are ready to call the attention of Merchants to their House. Their Goods is known, and a call from buyers is respectfully solicited.

They also keep a good supply of

GROCERIES,

as will endeavor to merit patronage.

JASPER STOWE.
E. B. STOWE.
Charlotte, April 1, 1856. 6tf

☞Notice.

PERSONS Owing accounts at the Charlotte Book Store, for the year 1855, must call and settle the first opportunity.

LOWRIE & ENNISS.
April 8, 1856. 7tf

☞New Establishment.☜

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

Silver Plating, Gun and Locksmithing, Bell Hanging; Silver, Brass and all sorts of Metal Work repaired; Composition Mill Inks and Dazes of the most durable kind made, and warranted to be superior to any other kind for Mill and Factory purposes.

All of the above branches I warrant to turn out in a workmanlike style.

Those wishing to have their work done I will give particular attention to finishing as soon as possible.

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

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

☞JOBBING will be cash.

Please give call at my shop, opposite the Presbyterian Church.

JOHN M. MASON.
Charlotte, March 18, 1856. 4tf

Encourage this Knocking.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his thanks to those who favored him with a call during the last year and he respectfully informs the public that he has removed to the Shop lately occupied by Messrs. George & Whisnant adjoining Mr. J. Rudisill's Planing Mills where he is prepared to execute all work in his line, on as cheap and good terms as can be done in the State.

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

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

I have also erected an Air Furnace for melting Brass, which answers finely. The public can get Brass and Composition Castings by calling at the above establishment and furnishing patterns. Also, Brass melted over at a reduced price, with neatness and dispatch.

☞Old Copper and Brass wanted.

S. J. PERRY.
Jan. 8, 1856. 46tf

☞Last Notice.☜

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that all the Notes and Accounts of SPRATT & ALLISON—SPRATT, DANIEL & Co., and ALLISON & DANIEL, are transferred to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of said Firms respectively, and that they are in the hands of J. R. DANIEL for immediate collection.—☞Longer indulgence cannot be given, as the debts must be paid.

JOHN ALLISON.
J. R. DANIEL.
Dec. 31, 1855. 46tf

MANSION HOUSE,

SALISBURY, N. C.

THIS Establishment is conveniently situated to the New Court House and Rail Road Depot and every effort will be made by the proprietor to make all that may call on him comfortable while they stay.

☞Remember the nearest Hotel to the Depot and Court House.

W. B. GRANT.
June 3, 1856. 1yr

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

ALEXANDER & LENTELE

WOULD inform the citizens of Charlotte and the surrounding country, that they have taken the room **No 4, Springs' Row**, formerly occupied by R. M. Robinson, where they intend carrying on the

TAILORING
BUSINESS

in all its branches. Having engaged the services of A. Bethune, whose reputation as a Cutter, is well known in this community, they feel no hesitancy in saying that they are as well prepared to give satisfaction as any other establishment in this part of the country; and by close application and strict attention to business, they hope to merit a liberal share of patronage. Good fits warranted.

☞Fashions received monthly from the best reports.

ALEXANDER & LENTELE.
August 19, 1856. 2tf

☞Notice.

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

☞Office in Brawley's Building, upstairs.

DIRECTORS:

M. B. TAYLOR, *President.*
S. P. ALEXANDER, *Vice President*
J. A. YOUNG,
J. H. WHITE,
J. H. CARSON,
C. OVERMAN, } *Executive Committee,*
A. C. STEELE,
J. H. WILSON, *Attorney.*
JOHN F. IRWIN, *Secretary.*

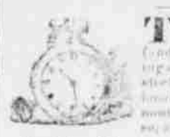
Aug. 19, 1856. 2tf

Read this and Take Notice!

I, AS SURVIVING PARTNER of SPRINGS & WEDDINGTON, have to close up the business of said firm. I therefore notify persons indebted, either by Note or Book Account, none at Clear Creek or Rocky River Store, that longer indulgence will not be given. As the Largest number of said Notes and Accounts have now stood too long unsettled, the shortest and quickest course will be pursued for their collection. Call at the Grocery Store of Spring & McLean's, Charlotte, or at the Store in Rocky River, where the business will be continued, and settle the same therewith.

LEROY SPRINGS,
Surviving Partner.
Charlotte, Aug. 5, 1856. 2tf

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



THOMAS TROTTER & SON have just received and will be regularly receiving additions to their large stock of handsome and fashionable WATCHES from the most celebrated makers. Also, a rich assortment of

Fashionable Jewelry, Chains, &c.

All of which will be sold low for cash, or on short time to punctual dealers.

THOMAS TROTTER & SON.
Charlotte, June 17, 1856. tf

To the Merchants of Charlotte, and North Carolina generally.

WE call the attention of Merchants, that we are largely engaged in the

FORWARDING BUSINESS.

We receive every package consigned to us, to prevent over charges in Freight.

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

Where persons contract with us for all their business, we will make them very liberal without such contract, it is from 10 to 25 cents per package, according to size and value.

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

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

Refer to Jos. Caldwell, Esq., President of the S. C. R. R. and Citizens at Charleston.
June, 17, 1856. 17—tf

☞Notice.

IN CONSEQUENCE of having lost by the fire which occurred in this place, on the morning of the 27th of May last, various Notes and Claims against numerous persons in this and adjoining counties—which notes and claims, being the property of A. C. Sorrie, A. Bethune & Co., and others, which were placed in my hands for collection; All persons, therefore, against whom any of such claims are still standing unsettled, are hereby duly notified, that unless they appear immediately and come up the same, by cash or note, I shall be compelled to fix, forthwith, Bills in Equity, thereby subjecting such persons to additional and unnecessary costs.

S. W. DAVIS.
Charlotte, June 17, 1856. tf

Cotton Saw Gins.

THE Subscriber having purchased the GIN MAKING ESTABLISHMENT of Wm. Campbell, is prepared to sell COTTON SAW GINS made of the best materials, and put up in the best manner, with all necessary modern improvements.

JAMES M. ELLIOTT,
Winnsboro, Fairfield Dist., S. C.
April 24, 1856. 9-6m

A. F. BREVARD,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
CONCORD, (CABARRUS CO.,) N. C.,

WILL attend to business committed to his care in Cabarrus and the adjoining counties.
February 5, 1856. 36tf

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. R. M. COBB

WILL be pleased to receive Professional Calls in the departments of MEDICINE and SURGERY. Unless professionally absent, he may be found at his residence, Fort Mill Depot, York District S. C.
Feb. 12, 1856. tf

Poetry.

The Press.

The following original Ode was written by T. B. ALDRICH, of the New York *Home Journal*, for the centennial celebration at Portsmouth, N. H., 6th Oct. 1856.

The Southern Cross, the Northern Bear,
The trembling sister Pleiades,
The many tangled stars above,—
The rich and flow of purple seas,—
The pulse of flowers that throb through Earth,
The lovely Seasons, changing place,
And all that God from Chaos wrought,
Are but the tools of Time and space!

The Mind a wider Orbit has
Than Sun, or Moon, or Earth, or Mars!
A Thought can grasp immensity,
And wring the secrets from the stars!
The Elements are slaves to Man:
He looks the hills, he spans the Sea,
And he has made the Lightning fleet
A tame and servile Mercury!

His hand has taken the shapeless ore,
And with a supple skill, designed
A little "bust of type" to bear
The impress of the deathless Mind!
Go forth a pure evangel, Thought!
Let War's red gonfalons be furled!
Go forth, and with the teaching track
The moulding that bind the world!

Go forth with holy lips of Peace!
Speak golden words of kind and Truth,
And, like the good Samaritan,
Pour oil upon the wounds of Strife!
A Poem for the Printer's Art!
Too toiling Brain! the ready Pen!
The hand that holds the peerless cup
Of Knowledge to the lips of men!

Miscellaneous.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

The following most remarkable and beautiful instance of filial love appeared in the Herald, Lima, Peru, to which it was communicated by the Alcade of Callao. We commend it to the consideration of the youth of both sexes, hoping that the lesson it embodies will warm and strengthen that filial affection which all children owe to their parents:

GENTLEMEN:—There having passed in my office (Justice of the Peace) a scene of great interest and most rare at any time and place, I cannot refrain from communicating the same to you, believing that you will concur with me in the opinion that an act so humble and worthy the best qualities of human nature, deserves to be commemorated by means of the press.

About 8 o'clock this morning, a tumultuous assembly of the people invaded my house, bringing in with them a venerable looking man. They inquired for the justice. On demanding of them the reason of a semi-riotous collection, they all began to speak at once, so that I was for a time unable to comprehend what was the true state of the case. Having, however, at last obtained silence, the old man addressed me thus:

"Mr. Alcade, having buried my wife, the mother of these four lads, I ordered this one named Jose Maria, to take charge of the other three, who have already made choice of their elder brother's profession. These two, Antanacio and Dionisio, are both married; the youngest, although single, supports himself by his labors as a fisherman. Ever since the mother of the boys was taken away from me, I have been living with my elder son in the interior, but have never failed to receive care and attention from the other three. Desirous of coming to Callao, Jose Maria wrote to Julian in order that he should provide for me—which injunction has given offence to Antanacio, who declares, that, being the second son, the future care of me belongs of right to him. I would like to divide myself into four parts, so as to give each of my children a portion of my body; but, as that cannot be, we have come before you, Mr. Alcade, in order that you should decide which of these young men is to be preferred."

The father had hardly finished speaking when the generous dispute commenced.

Antanacio, the second son, said that his father having been hitherto living with his elder brother, it was now his turn to have possession of him by order of birth. Dionisio contended that his brother Antanacio could not be with his father because he had a great deal to do, and could not give his father the attention he required. The fourth son Julian, represented to me that it properly belonged to him to support his father, as he was the youngest and unmarried.

In truth, I knew not what to resolve, my heart was so affected by the extraordinary picture presented to me. As I contemplated this scene in silence, the old man, Clemente, said: "My dear children, my heart overflows with satisfaction in witnessing your dispute respecting which of you should take the charge of your old father. I would gladly give content to you all, and therefore propose that I be permitted to breakfast with one, dine with another, sleep in the house of the third, and thus keep changing from day to day; but if you do not consent to this, let his honor, the judge, determine what shall be done with me."

The young men unanimously rejected this proposition, because they said their father would lead an idle, errant, unquiet life. I then proposed to write on separate pieces of paper the names of the sons, and let the decision of chance settle the question. While I wrote these papers and doubled them, and put them into the hat of Clemente, which served as a ballot box, a death-like silence prevailed, and there was plainly to be seen expressed in the countenance of each of the sons his hopes of being the lucky receiver of the desired prize. They began put his tremulous hand into the hat, and drew out the name of Antanacio, the second son! My friends, I hardly knew how to express to you the new scene which then broke upon me! Antanacio, upon hearing his name called out, broke into praises to the omnipotent for according him such a boon. With his hands clasped and eyes directed to heaven, he repeated over and over his thanks, then fell upon his knees before his venerable parent, and bathed his sandled feet with tears of frantic joy.

The other brothers followed his example, and embraced the feet of the good old patriarch, who remained like a statue, oppressed with emotions to which he knew not how to give vent.

Such a scene as this melted all who witnessed it, among whom were the lieutenant of the police, the Alcade Don Altano, and some other friends. The brothers then retired, but soon returned with a fresh demand—which was that I should command that since Antanacio had been favored by lot with the charge of the father, they should not be deprived of the pleasure of taking out the old man to walk, by turns, in the afternoon; which order I gave magisterially, in order to gratify these simple, honest people, and they then retired contented.

This humble family of Indian extraction is named Villiavicencio. They are natives of the valley of Chorille, but at present reside at Callao.

I repeat, gentlemen, that if this imperfect but true relation be deemed worthy of publication, you're at liberty to give it a place in the columns of your journal. Your very humble servant,

ANTONIO A DEL VILLAR,
Alcade of Callao.

A USED UP LAWYER.

Somehow the public put a low estimate upon the value of the declarations of some attorneys as to people's character. Whether this arises from the freedom with which such declarations are made, or from what other motive we will not say.

Mr. ——— is one of our best lawyers. He possesses a good share of legal acumen and cunning. But like many others he has great aptitude to speak harshly of parties and witnesses opposed to him. And he does this, too, frequently.

On Tuesday last Mr ———defended a client at the Police Court upon a charge of petit larceny. One of the witnesses swore so stoutly that the prosecution sought to impeach him. The first witness called to support the impeachment made out a very strong case of credulity. Mr. ——— took him up on the cross examination.

"Mr. Witness, you say that the character of Dwight is bad?"

"I do."

"Have you heard people say so?"

"I have."

"When and where?"

"In this court room, on the fifth day of July, last year."

"What did that person say of Dwight?"

"He said he was the most infernal scoundrel he ever knew in his life, and that he had known many—that he once knew of Dwight's being hired to swear to a lie for a glass of whiskey toddy."

"What was the character of that man who thus abused Dwight?"

"Well, he claims to be a respectable man, though I must confess, in my judgment, he is as great a scamp as Dwight."

"Now, sir, tell this court and jury who was the person who thus libelled Dwight's character."

"If you must know, I'll tell it was you, sir."

The answer operated upon the counsel like the stroke of a galvanic battery. He protested it was a lie, and asked the court to commit the witness for perjury and contempt of court, but further proceedings were speedily suspended, by the announcement of the foreman of the jury, that "they found the prisoner guilty."

AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.—Last evening, about 9 o'clock, a gentleman who had registered his name at the American Hotel as D. W. Fuller, from Granville, N. C., undoubtedly a lunatic, suddenly sprang from his seat and, drawing a knife, rushed into the street and inflicted a severe wound upon the hand of Capt. Thos. Boyne. He seemed perfectly enraged, without any cause whatever, and but for the well-directed blow of a gentleman, temporarily disabling him, serious consequences may have resulted.—He was captured and safely lodged in jail, for examination this morning.

Should his friends in North Carolina receive this information, it is advisable that some of them look after him.—*Columbia Times.*

Communication.

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

Mr. Editor: We benighted backwoods folks having recently been notified by that pious Editor, and great admirer of patriotism and love of Country—I beg pardon I should have said lover of his party, Wm. W. Holden—of the defection to the Whig and American candidate Millard Fillmore, for the presidency, of that amiable trio, Messrs. Barringer, Osborne and Williamson—It did not therefore require the aid of preambulating youths and unpledged politicians to be in attendance upon Camp Meetings with their Buggies full of these gentlemen's letters printed at the Democrat Office with the injunction to the faithful to Read and circulate, amongst the unenlightened Whigs, and the rest of mankind.

Mr. Editor, I seldom ever intrude my opinions upon the public. I hold no office and do not desire any nevertheless, I feel an interest, perhaps as great and sincere as do Messrs. Barringer, Osborne and Williamson in my country's welfare. I like to see all men and parties have justice done them, and it seems strange that gentlemen of the acknowledged ability of Messrs Barringer and Osborne could not make up their minds upon the condition of the country and the relative merits of the several candidates now before the people for the presidency—until on the eve of an exciting election and then place themselves in the hands of their ancient enemies to wound and injure the cause and the candidate and the party in whose integrity and patriotism they express so much confidence even now. If this be justice, if this is patriotism in those gentlemen so to do—avaunt both—give me an open enemy to do battle with rather than false friends who have thus tacitly endorsed my Candidate and his principles, and now on the eve of the election stab both and go over to the enemy.

As to Mr. Barringer I have not the honor of his personal acquaintance but I have heard he was once a member of Congress and subsequently a Minister to a Foreign Court and having tasted of the flesh pots of Egypt—I presume he has a hankering after more of the loaves and fishes and believes Mr. Buchanan is the readiest road by which to attain them. Mr. Osborne I have seen and the smile he carries upon his countenance indicates a love of popular applause and self esteem. He is talented and ambitious no doubt, and having heretofore had rather poor luck in his political races has concluded to change horses in the future.

As to Mr. Williamson, I have long known him personally—but a few weeks since he was in this county and no stronger Fillmore man smelt the mountain breeze than my friend Albert—he demolished (or said he did) a strong Buchananite in an adjacent village, in a political discussion on the stump and swore by his right arm that the Democratic party—the Cincinnatti platform with its young America, fillibustering and Red Republican proclivities, if it had not already, certainly would drive this country to speedy and irretrievable ruin. Alas friend Albert, thou art breathing a pestilential and contaminating atmosphere; thy better judgment and feelings have become obscured and in memory of olden time let an old friend invite thee back to the green and refreshing pastures of your early childhood—come to the Mountains it will do you good—come and make us more Fillmore speeches, we know in heart and soul you are with us, and it must be very painful to one of your sensitive nature to hear yourself complimented and extolled by Billy Holden of the Standard and others of the same ilk.

Mr. Editor, I have trespassed already upon your columns. I wish to say in conclusion that the letters of Messrs. Barringer, Osborne and Williamson, so ostentatiously paraded before the public will have no effect in this latitude, and these gentlemen will in their secret hearts, hereafter, feel more pain in allowing their political adversaries to use them against that good and faithful patriot Millard Fillmore than you and I. I believe the two first express a preference for Fillmore as their first choice, while the latter admits he has changed for the sake of going with the majority—poor men, poor christian, and poor excuse they have—rather let me sustain the man who sustains the principles I conscientiously believe just, and rely upon an allwise God for the consequences.

CALDWELL.

A young Ophirie enthusiast was talking to his intended a few evenings since, urging upon her speedy marriage, and a start to spend the honey moon in California. "I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of the earth. There's no use talking!" "No use talking," he repeated. "Well, if there's no use talking," said the lady, "what in the name of sense do you want of women there? I don't go!" He left—but we presume he will be back.

From our Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 8, 1856.

I failed to give you my regular letter last week in consequence of my being absent from the city, and in attendance at the Brooks Dinner at Ninety-six. I had been closely confined to the city during not only the past summer, but the past year, and I had promised myself, since I first heard the dinner was to come off, to take a run up to old Ninety-six at that time, and see my old friend Captain Brooks, and take a peep at my country friends which I began to fear had well nigh forgotten me. Full of the prospects of a few day's rest, a pleasant ride on the Railroad, and a happy greeting of old friends and the sight of many strange ones, I set off on Thursday morning in company with T. C. Trott of the Mercury office, and after a cool and pleasant day's run, reached Columbia at six o'clock, and put up for the night at the Congaree House.

Here I had the pleasure of greeting my old friend Janney of Hotel memory, whom I had not seen for more than a year. He has been the proprietor of the Hotel at Glenn Springs for some time past, but he is now back at the Congaree, his old stand, and if the proprietors wish to consult their interest they will keep him. He seems to have been made, qualified and educated for that very business, and he will bring back the Congaree to its former business and popularity if they will only keep him, and give him the control of it.

I can never forget the fraternity of the quill, so as soon as supper was over, I took my Mercury friend and we called round at the Times office to see brother Britton, and found him seated in the official arm chair, surrounded by the "wreck of matter," and busily engaged in concocting paragraphs for the morrow's paper. He is a good-hearted, social, jovial fellow, and laying down his pen, he gave us an editor's welcome, and such as they only can give. The Times seems to be popular and well sustained, and of the three candidates now in the field, it gives its preference to Fillmore as a man upon whom the South can rely with more confidence than Buchanan, Fremont being out of the question. Mr. Britton is now sole editor and proprietor, and seems to be getting along very well on his own account. Mr. Wilkins, his foreman, possesses good writing talents, and has proved himself to be a most excellent reporter.

Myself and friend were roused next morning from our drowsy couch at four o'clock, in order to be in time for the extra train which was advertised to leave at half past five, for the accommodation of all who wished to attend the dinner at Ninety-six: The distance being seventy-five miles, and only one fare ($3 75.) being charged for which we got a return ticket. We were off at the hour, and reached Allston about 7 o'clock, where we stopped for breakfast. They gave us real country fare—hot coffee, hot biscuit, and good tender chicken and fresh butter, a luxury which I often wished for in this city of tough beef, baker's bread and salt butter.

Here I met my old friend Walter B. Metts, of Yorkville, who gave me the news from my old home, and friends in the back wood, many of whom I can never forget, though I may be forgotten. At Newberry we took in a large reinforcement, all bound for the dinner, among whom I recognized Gen. H. H. Kinard, with whom I had a familiar chat on politics and the price of cotton. I had a copy of the Charleston Evening News in my pocket which I handed him to read, and he was so pleased with it that he told me to put his name down as a subscriber, and have it sent to him regularly. Just at that time a friend of his came up and took a seat by him, and remarked to the General that he always suspected him of being a Know-Nothing, and now his subscribing for Col. Cunningham's paper had confirmed him in his opinion.

Every way station that we passed added largely to our freight of humanity, until the train was a perfect jam, and every seat was packed full. At Silver Street we took aboard the President of the road, Col. T. C. Perrin of Abbeville, and then I felt safe, for I knew it was more than the Conductor dare do, to run off the track, or do any other serious mischief, while the President was along.

At length we bore in sight of the place of our destination, the historic battle ground of old Ninety-six, the distance of which, from Columbia, we thought would justify us in calling it Ninety-seven. The town which has been built since the completion of the Railroad, consists of two stores, a hotel, and some half dozen dwelling houses. We reached the place about ten o'clock, four hours and a half from Columbia, and found the ground on both sides of the road covered with living, moving, breathing humanity. The extra train from Greenville and Abbeville soon came rolling in with their teeming freights of precious humanity, for a large proportion of the passengers were ladies, bound at "Billy Brooks" as the Northerners call him.

The speaking commenced about 11 o'clock, on a rude plank platform erected in a beautiful grove right on the road, and surrounded by temporary seats sufficient to accommodate about one half the crowd. The number present has been variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand persons, including men, women and children. There were ten thousand pounds of beef, pork and mutton barbecued, and the fragments that were left would not have exceeded twelve baskets full, and many were still eating when we left at five o'clock, although dinner was announced at two. The crowd and the dinner reminded me of the great Railroad celebration at Salisbury, N. C. near two years ago, only the tables were longer and the crowd greater. The day was beautifully clear, but rather too warm for comfort.

I cannot pretend to tell you much about the speeches, for that would fill a small volume. I have barely room to tell you who spoke, and in what order. The opening speech was made by Gen. McGowen of Abbeville, and some were disposed to consider it the best speech of the day. He is a fine looking man, and a fine orator. His speech occupied about an hour, and was mainly intended to introduce the honored guest of the day. Col. Brooks followed him, and enchained the attention of the audience for near two hours, in a handsome, spirited and truely Southern speech; he went for equality in the Union or independence out of it, as did all the other speakers, without a single exception.

Brooks was followed by the Hon. Robert Toombs, U. S. Senator from Georgia, who is, by the by, a fine orator, and made a real blood and thunder, South Carolina speech. He had but little hope for the Union, and thought the time for action had come. He was frequently interrupted by long and loud bursts of applause. At the close of his speech, dinner was announced, after which, the venerable Senator A. P. Butler took the stand, and made one of his most telling speeches; and was succeeded by Gov. Adams, who excelled himself, in a brief but eloquent and pointed speech. It was intended that Col. Orr should speak, but the hour for the cars to leave had arrived, and the crowd disappeared—My sheet is full.

ASHLEY.

TRULY A HARD CASE.

Obe Stevens, formerly the eccentric representative in the assembly from Steuben, who now keeps a hotel in Hornersville, tells a very good story at the expense of our Fremont friends.

Not long since, a very good looking young woman stopped at Obe's house and called for a room, saying that her husband would call shortly, when she wished him to be shown up.

Soon after, a burly, dandified "colored pussun" called, and inquired for his wife. Obe told him she could not have stopped there, as there was only one female guest in the house, and she was a fine looking white lady.

"Dat's her—dat's her," said the sable dandy.

Obe thought there must be some mistake; so he went to the lady's room and informed her that a "cussed nigger" was down below, who claimed to be her husband. She quietly informed him that the colored "gemm'n" was in reality her husband, and she wished him sent up to her room.

"The d—l!" exclaimed Obe, with astonishment; "is it possible that as good a looking woman as you would marry a nigger?"

She assured him that it was a fact, and added:

"I married much better than my sister did after all."

"You did!" responded Obe; "who in thunder did she marry?"

"Why," replied the lady, with great disgust, "she's married to a Fremont man!"

The ex-representative acknowledged the corn, and extended to the "mixed pair" the best the house could afford.

NATIONAL DEBT OF ENGLAND.—By-the-by, speaking of the national debt of Great Britain, the late honored and lamented statesman, Henry Clay, used to tell a capital story of an opponent of his making a stump speech, in the midst of the most settled parts of the then farthest Western States. He was a small pettifogger—"wordy, windy and wandering," in all that he said, and with the utmost confusion as to what he was talking: only he knew that he was accusing Mr. Clay of wanting to introduce the "cussed *feudal system*," into this country. Some demagogue told him that that was the nature of Mr. Clay's protective system:

"Look o'here, now, my friends," said he, "just look at it, I want to know if any of you who hear my voice *wants* this feudal system? What has it done for England, and Europe, and France, and Scotland, and other foreign countries? Look at 'em! Half of 'em are no better than slaves, and some of 'em not half as well off. What has done this? The blasted feudal system; that they want to fasten on this country, same as they did on to Greece!

"And then just look at the expense. What do you think England owes, this minute, for wars, and high living, under this feudal system? Why more than *nine thousand dollars, and the interest runnin' on all the while!* Do *we* want any system like that hoisted onto this country. Do *you* want it, my fellow citizens?"

Well—they didn't, and so made manifest at the polls. In a sparse settlement, in the wilderness, where as the orator said, "the silk an rich, but money are scurse," when a silver dollar is supposed to be the size of a cart wheel, *nine thousand dollars*, as the national debt of Great Britain, seemed an unaccountable, and a "most numerous amount" of money.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞The Columbia (South Carolina) Times, a Southern ultra Journal of the austerest State right stamp, has a carefully guarded article upon the Presidential candidates, in which it speaks thus:

"If we were *compelled* to choose between Buchanan, Fillmore, and Fremont, we would prefer casting our vote for Millard Fillmore, as the choice of evils, regarding him at the same time as only a shade better than the two other candidates for the Presidential chair. Mr. Fillmore's administration was well received by the people of Carolina. His visit to Charleston and Columbia rallied a large proportion of the people to do him homage, and although we do not wish to be set down as one of his admirers, for we are not, we do believe that the Government, under his administration, would prove to be more conservative, just and impartial than under either of the other candidates."