

Attack by Cattle Upon a Red Wagon.

Extract from one of Col. Claiborn's letters from the pine woods of Mississippi, published in the New Orleans Delta. "I set out for Augusta, bowling merrily along in a blood red buggy. The road is beautifully roofed over with trees and vines, and the air fragrant with the breath of flowers. There was only one drawback—the myriads of flies of every species, that swarmed around, and ravenously cupped the blood from the ears, neck and flanks of my horse. It is what is appropriately termed here "fly time"—that is to say, the period when this numerous family of scourges have it all their own way, and neither man nor beast can venture their heads near the ground, nor the cattle from a thousand hills, and even the wild deer, seek the abodes of men, and huddle around some smoking pipe, or stand in some open field to escape their periodical tormentors. On a sudden curve of the road, I found myself in one of these "stamping grounds," and a simultaneous roar from five hundred infuriated animals gave notice of my danger. It is well known that the Spanish matatoes provoke the wounded bulls of the arena by fanning the motets or blood red flag before them. It was the color of my equipage that excited this bellowing herd. They snuffed the air, planted their heads near the ground, tore up the earth with their hoofs and horns, and glared at me with savage eyes. The three plauza blocked the road, and the part of discretion was to retreat.—The moment I wheeled the pursuit commenced. A cloud of dust enveloped them, and their tramping feet was like the roll of thunder. My horse dashed forward, frantic with terror, and on they plunged, on every side crushing down everything in their course, goring and tumbling over each other, filling the woods with their dreadful cries, and gathering nearer and nearer in the dreadful chase. The contest now became desperate. In five minutes we should have been overturned and trampled to death; but at this juncture I threw out my overcoat, and with an awful clamor, they paused to fight over it, and tear it into shreds. Driving at full speed, I tossed out a cushion; the infuriated devils trampled it into atoms, and rushing on, their horns clashing against the buggy, and ripping up the ribs of my horse. At this fearful moment we were providentially saved. A monstrous oak, with a forked top, had fallen near the road, and in this I plunged my horse breast high, and he was safe, the back of the buggy being then the only assailable point. At this the whole column made a dash, but I met the foremost with six discharges from a revolver; two bottles of Sewell Taylor's best were shivered in their faces; next, a cold turkey, and finally a bottle of Scotch snuff—the last shot in the locker.—This did the business. Such a sneezing and bellowing was never heard before; and the one that got it put out with the whole troop at his heels, circling round, scenting the blood that had been spilled, and shaking the earth with their thundering tramp. I was now fairly in for it, and made up my mind to remain until sunset, when they would disperse, as in "fly time" cattle graze at night. I was relieved, however, by the approach of some cattle drivers who galloping up on shaggy, but muscular horses, and with whips twenty feet long, which they manage with surprising dexterity, soon drove the herd to their "cow pens," for the purpose of marking and branding. This is done every year in "fly time." The cattle ranging, scattered thirty miles round, are now easily found, collected at their stamping grounds, and are driven to a common pen or pound, where the respective owners assemble and put their marks and brands on the increase of the season. Thus this Egyptian plague is turned to a useful purpose."

From the Charleston Mercury.

Know-Nothingism—His Tenets. Ham.—Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel? Pol.—By the mass, and it's like a camel indeed. Ham.—Methinks it's like a weasel. Pol.—It is backed like a weasel. Ham.—Or like a whale. Pol.—Very like a whale. The American party, falsely so styled, has evidently been adroitly constructed. It presents much, that, like the Dead Sea fruit, to the casual observer, appears beautiful and true, but which, on examination, proves to be deceptive, bitter, and filled with ashes. Its leaders fully understand the art of appearances. For the most part, the disappointed and hackneyed politicians of other parties, they certainly need no instruction in party tactics or appliances. Their doctrine, if it may be so termed, is "all things to all men;" their object, elevation to power; their aim, to catch the popular vote; opposition to foreigners and Catholics, strings with which to play upon the popular heart—deceptive watch-words, with which to entrap the unwary, to be abandoned or used, modified or extended, as interest may require. Hence, in different States, various platforms are presented to the view. What is a vital principle in one, is utterly discarded in the other. What in certain sections is avowed as the object and purpose of the party, is repudiated, and the reverse proclaimed, in others. The Mecca towards which the eyes of the true believer here is directed, is not the Mecca towards which the political pilgrimages elsewhere turned. They are the political Harlems of the day; seeking to control by appeals to the passions and not to the intelligence or reason of the man. Does the religious proscription impede the success of the party in Louisiana? It is immediately denounced as unworthy of freemen, abandoned, and lo! a Catholic becomes the Know-nothing nominee for Governor. Does South Carolina rise to a higher view than that indicated by petty and disastrous prejudice, and discuss the questions, under the lights of the Constitution and other law? That sentiment must be trimmed to. And that sentiment, scarcely on, is readily doffed for one supposed to be more suitable and convenient. The platform, which, but a short time since, was vaunted as containing all that was precious and estimable, and for which all were proscribed as Anti-American and Foreign who did not embrace and adore it, suddenly disappears from the scene, and is soon replaced by another, manufactured for the occasion. As the competitor of the chameleon, it fairly vies with it, in the variety and changes of its hues. I speak not of the sentiments or intentions of individuals, but of the manifest tendencies of the party. There is but one object it has in common, and that certainly does not recommend it very strongly to our confidence; that is, denunciation of the most reliable administration as South has ever had. It has hitherto borne but one practical fruit, and that is the elevation to office of men hostile to our institutions and interests. Every triumph at the North has been the defeat of our friends. Every victory at the South has not been the promotion of her most reliable sons. At the North it is the roughly Abolition, and stands opposed to the Democracy, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line. At the South it is whiggery under a new name, with a few recruits from the disappointed Democracy, in battle array against Southern Rights statesmen. It has accomplished nothing against the Democracy. It has been confined strictly to its old Whig limits. It has not even carried the old Whig vote. The new phrase has lost, not gained ground. With its fusion, its secrecy, its oaths, its changing and any-construction platform, it has succeeded alone where Whiggery prevailed, and that but to a limited extent. If such were its victories, a few more such triumphs and it is gone—gone to the land from whence it came: the land of HALE and WILSON, of GARNER and CHASE, whose hands it has strengthened, and whose spirit it has invigorated against our dearest rights and interests, in their unbroken and unbroken order, against the Constitution of their country, and against civil, social, and religious liberty. It has assumed the lion's roar and skin. It has endeavored to play his part. The keen eye of the people, has however, detected the guise, and swept from it the flimsy covering. It now stands fully revealed in the wild hunt for office. "This is one great, uniform, consistent principle." The people are rising in the majesty of their might. They have proclaimed the counterfeited, and will yet sit in judgment on those who would thus conduct them to anarchy and misrule. We publish (says the Standard) the admirable letter of the statesman and patriot, Judge Butler, of South Carolina, on the subject of Know-Nothingism, addressed to the Charleston meeting. We find also in the papers an eloquent letter from the Hon. L. M. Keitt, addressed to the same meeting. Mr Keitt, concludes as follows: "Storm and fanaticism menace us. We must unite, or sink into a base and hopeless extinction. Toward her all must unite, and stand firm and delusion.—The present Administration is as sound as any we can hope to get. Yet what can it do? Its friends at the North are beaten down every where. If you bind the State to the car of a national party, you will bind her to the ear of Juggernaut, give her principles and history to be crushed and her blood to moisten its wheels. God forbid that such a sacrifice should be made for spoils and the shambles. Let us support whatever is right in an Administration, and oppose whatever is wrong. Let not the button of authority or the profits of place seduce the State from her historic track. The new order will divide and distract, and I fear in that way debase, the State. Will it compensate for this "great grievance," by asking us to repudiate Pierce, and Douglas, and Dallas, and Toucey, and take Wilson, and Hale, and Chase, and Durkee? Or doubt Hunter, and Mason, and Butler, and Quitman, and Soule, and Jeff. Davis, and clutch Clayton, and Rayner, and John Bell, and Houston, and Foote?—Let the people answer."

From the Philadelphia Enquirer.

Punctuality or Business before Pleasure. "The hour, the appointed hour, Be at your post." Many persons who are in the habit of making visits of business commit a sad error in not stating their object at once and in as few words as possible. They hesitate, introduce some subject altogether foreign, occupy much precious time, and all to little purpose. Instead of proceeding to the matter in hand directly, they apologize for the intrusion, intimate that another time may prove more acceptable, explain and prevaricate, until at last the real object is absolutely forced from them. All this is exceedingly annoying to persons who are constantly engaged, and who have no time to waste upon mere prologues. We may mention the case of one individual who invariably states his object in a round-about way, and introduces at least one other subject preparatory to that which he really desires to converse upon. He does so, too, in the politest manner; forgetful, however, that time is precious and that there are other people in the world besides himself. A visit strictly on business should be brief, direct and to the purpose. When, moreover, a comparative stranger enters a room and finds two others confidentially engaged, he should take the good way either to withdraw at once or to ask for an interview aside. It often happens however, that such intruders sit down quietly, with their ears outstretched, and thus they not only listen, but, at the first opportunity, they volunteer their opinions and advice. There are, moreover, certain periods of the day in which most individuals are actively employed. At such seasons, therefore, they should not be intruded upon except by intimate friends unless the necessity arise out of a business urgency. A few days since we observed an experienced and enterprising merchant passing rapidly up Chestnut street, the time being a few minutes of three o'clock. Just above Third street he was stopped by one of the idlers of the town, who commenced a silly conversation. The merchant manifested impatience, but the other seemed determined to persist. The latter said "stand out for about five minutes, and then break away; evidently irritated. The fact is, he was about to take up one or two notes in bank, and the interruption under the circumstances was quite annoying. An anecdote in point may be mentioned: Douglass Jerrold, the celebrated writer, was one day hurrying through a leading street in London, evidently immersed in thought, when he was interrupted by a quidnunc, who exclaimed, "Well Jerrold, what is going on to-day?" The reply was quick and pertinent, but pitifully pointed. "I don't know," said Jerrold, "but I am!" and on he went. Another: Some years since a distinguished lawyer of the city of Washington, on his way to court, saw an intimate friend held closely by the button by an inveterate proser, whose designation we will give for the present as Mr. S. The lawyer immediately stopped and observed to his friend, "When you have done with Mr. S. I would like a few moments' conversation with you." He then fell back a few steps and waited. The effect was as anticipated, and the proser immediately took his departure. The lawyer then stepped up to his friend and remarked, "When you find me in a like dilemma be good enough to afford me the relief that I have just given you. Good day!" It should be remembered that punctuality in the fulfillment of engagements is a matter of the utmost importance with men of business; and yet it is quite difficult for them to be punctual under some of the circumstances that we have described. A day or two since a friend stopped in the street to hear a story that turned out of very little importance, and yet he lost his passage to New York. He arrived at the wharf just one minute too late! Another anecdote in point: In the year 1842, two of our most eminent physicians, Dr. D. and Dr. W., had an appointment together for the purpose of consultation. The hour was four o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. R. arrived at the designated time, and with watch in hand, walked up and down the parlor. Five minutes elapsed, and Dr. W. had not made his appearance. At the expiration of ten minutes Dr. R. then complained bitterly, and said in consequence of the delay his entire business for the afternoon had been deranged. Dr. W. apologized, and promised to do better the next time. The other shook his head with incredulity, and said that, unfortunately, the case was not the first of the kind. They then visited the patient and made another engagement for ten o'clock the next morning. Dr. W. was on this occasion five minutes in advance, whereas Dr. R. made his appearance exactly as the clock was striking ten. The other, as he saw him approach, exclaimed, with exultation, "Ah Doctor, who is the punctual man this time?" "I am," retorted Dr. R., with considerable spirit. "I am here at the appointed time, neither before nor after, and that, according to my view of the subject, is punctuality." And he was right. Still another: A leading lawyer of this city, now among the departed, carried his notions of punctuality to a very remarkable extent. At the time designated for a meeting in his office he would remain five minutes to allow for any possible difference in watches, and then should the other party fail to appear, he would invariably go out. At first, the plan was regarded as a mark of respect for the absent party, but as salutary, for all who made engagements with him knew that they must be punctual, or were prepared to take the consequences. The subject is one that might be followed up to almost any extent. How many members of our public bodies are in the habit of keeping their colleagues waiting, and thus delaying and postponing the transaction of important business! Such a course is not only discourteous and ungentlemanly, but is unjust and unfair. No man has a right wantonly to waste the time of his neighbor, while the individual who makes an engagement not intending to fulfill it, exhibits a sad want of gentlemanly propriety, and is in fact guilty of a meanness as well as an insult. WHAT THE RUSSIANS SAY.—The official organ at St. Petersburg expresses the opinion that the allies, by their inactivity and want of enterprise, have allowed the opportunity to slip by when Sebastopol might have been taken. It now says the city is impregnable; that it can replace one hundred dismounted guns in a night, or can exchange 50,000 fatigued troops against 50,000 fresh troops; that the allies cannot, with double the force they can dispose of, cut off the communication by Perekop; that the Russian army, fighting for its country and its sovereign, is animated by a better spirit than is the heterogeneous mass of French, English, Turks, Egyptians, and Sardinians, contending for an abstract idea and a confused interpretation of the duties of civilization. There is some force in these remarks, and the allies themselves appear to be impressed with the same idea, for the preparation of defenses they are making at Kamiesch looks very like a protection in the event of being compelled to re-embark. Socrates seeing a scolding woman who had hanged herself on an olive tree exclaimed: Oh! that all trees would bear such fruit.

The Folly of Religious Persecution.

We invite every unprejudiced mind to the serious consideration of the following grand fundamental truths aspened by Epes Sargent, Esq. Is it possible for any man to ponder these fair and logical deductions from history, and then continue to wage war upon any sect or denomination for mere opinion's sake? "The very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the gospel and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called 'holy wars.' He who hates another man for not being a Christian. Toleration is the basis of all public utility; it is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is entralled, there is no freedom. I repeat it: persecution is as impious as it is cruel and unwise. It not only opposes every precept of the New Testament, but it invades the prerogative of God himself. It is a usurpation of the attributes which belong exclusively to the Most High. It is a vain endeavor to ascend unto His throne, to wield His sceptre, and hurl His thunderbolts. "Read then its own history proves how needless it is. Truth is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fires cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it; all the violence of men, stirred up by the power and subtlety of hell, cannot put it to death. In the person of its martyrs it bids defiance to the will of the tyrant who persecutes it, and with the martyr's last breath predicts its own full and final triumph. The Pagan persecuted the Christian, but yet Christianity lives. The Roman Catholic persecuted the Protestant, but yet Protestantism still lives. The Protestant persecuted the Roman Catholic, but yet Catholicism lives. The Church of England persecuted Nonconformists, and yet Nonconformity lives. Nonconformists persecuted Episcopalians, yet Episcopacy lives. When persecution is carried to its extreme length of extirpating heretics, Truth may be extinguished in one place, but it will break out in another. If opinions cannot be put down by argument, they cannot by power. Truth gains the victory in the end, not only by its own evidences, but by the sufferings of its confessors. Therefore, if we have a mind to establish peace among the People, we must allow men to judge freely in matters of religion, and to embrace that opinion they think right, without any hope of temporal reward, without any fear of temporal punishment." Kenneth Rayner. The democrats, in their felicitations over the results of the recent southern elections, should not forget their obligations to such gentlemen as Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina; Major Donelson, of Tennessee; ex-Senator Clemens, of Alabama, and their associates. Messrs. Donelson and Clemens kindly undertook to illustrate the old-fashioned truth that no one man or no twenty men can carry a great party to the ranks of the enemy to which they may desert; and they have admirably succeeded in the experiment. They enacted their parts with the utmost fidelity to precedent. Both undertook to show that the democratic party was broken, or, at least, that its side, and both have fallen in the struggle, enduring monuments of disappointed malice and ambition. For these services, we say, all thanks are due. But for such kind volunteers as Major Donelson and Col. Clemens conscientiously to point out to reckless leaders and selfish ingrates the degree of all attempts to make their personal griefs the subject of their general controversy, there is no telling what the end would be. Every man who lost a nomination, or who failed to get an office, would set up his standard of rebellion, until the democracy became a mere tumult of factions, like their disorganized and quarrelsome republicans. But it is Mr. Rayner to whom the democratic party is most indebted. He gallantly offered himself as a subject by which the fell anatomy of know-nothingism could be disclosed to an astonished country. As if to prove how anxious he was to serve the democratic party by showing what fatal inconsistencies the secret party demands of its voters, he, who had been the most furious and enthusiastic advocate of religious equality and freedom, abandoned the views he had expressed in the honest sincerity of his heart, and came forward as the champion of the very doctrine against which he had so memorably protested! This was intended as a warning to others, and shows that so anxious was Mr. Rayner to establish the folly and the falsehood of know-nothingism, that he was willing to offer himself a sacrifice in the virtuous effort. Not content with this high service to the cause of toleration, however, he came forward and took up the gauntlet to prove that President Pierce had agreed with the Catholics to give them a Catholic cabinet minister in return for their votes. But it is clear that in this effort he acted as the friend of the truth, because the authority he gave for an accusation against President Pierce promptly came forward to say that the accusation was false, or else that he, the said authority, had never declared it to be true. Of course, this effective finale was part of Mr. Rayner's own management. It is true, Mr. Rayner's reputation is disastrously damaged by this chivalric effort to find out the truth; still, history will do him justice. But for him, a wretched and baseless falsehood against the President would have become a part of our political annals; but for him, it would have been used by fanatics and fools in after times as a sort of excuse for new burnings and hangings of the Papists. To his industry and his research, however, the innocent owe their vindication, and by him a foul calumny has been consigned to eternal oblivion. We say, then, thanks to Kenneth Rayner! It is not often that so generous and so just a spirit is vouchsafed to us. So, let us be grateful for the gift when it comes.—Washington Union.

The Lost Tribes of Israel.

Mr Kennedy communicated the following to the British Association for the advancement of Science, as the results of his researches into the interesting and much controverted question of the lost tribes of Israel: "That the number of those taken away in the different captivities had been much over-estimated, only the principal people having been made captive as hostages, with the men-of-war, and others most available as slaves; that the main body of the ten tribes were not taken away by the Assyrians, but were left in their ancient possessions, when they became again partially subjected to the kings of Judah; that the tribes that can be supposed to have been really removed were the Reubenites, the Gadites, with the half tribe of Manasseh, and that of Naphtali, which being placed on the east of Jordan, and on the north, were most exposed to the attacks of the enemy; that the greatest part of those who had been taken away to Babylon, or their descendants, and the descendants of those taken away by the Assyrians, returned to their ancient land; that while in Babylon, Assyria, and other countries of their conquerors, they could not be supposed to have lived apart by their tribes, so that in the space of two hundred years and upwards those taken away must have lost almost every distinction of tribes, and thus have become prepared to form part of that restored nation which took the name of Jews from the principal nation among them; that the tribe of Judah having been the most numerous, and their city of Jerusalem the centre around which the Israelites congregated, it follows as a natural consequence that their name would become the prevailing one; that the amalgamation or union into one people of all the Israelites was in accordance with the predictions of the Prophets; that the remnant of the Israelites left in Babylon and Assyria, though smaller in number than that portion which was restored to their ancient possessions, might yet have increased to an immense multitude in the six hundred years which elapsed between the first restoration and the time of Josephus; but that the remnant left beyond the Euphrates cannot properly be considered to have been the representatives of the ten tribes, much less the entire body of the ten tribes; that in the time of Josephus, all distinctions of the other tribes having become lost, except those of Judah and Benjamin, he erroneously supposed they were the only tribes that had returned, and that the other ten tribes still remained beyond the Euphrates; that, in any case, the Jews of Judah respecting the ten tribes having taken counsel among themselves, and gone into a further country where never mankind dwelt, was a mere dream or vision, as it is in reality professed to have been. INDIAN OUTRAGE.—One of the most flagrant cases of inhumanity that has ever come under our notice was brought to light in Germantown on Sunday. The facts of the case were so revolting that were it not for the positive proof of the testimony we could scarcely credit that such a heartless piece of infamy could be perpetrated in our midst. On Thursday last, a man named Cornelius Howard residing at Germantown, who has been sick for some time, was seized with convulsions, when his wife requested his brother, Patrick Howard to go after a doctor. The brother refused to do this, when the wife with that nobleness of character incident to woman, went out herself for the medical man. While she was absent, it is alleged that Patrick Howard took from the neck of his dying brother, a key to the bureau, with which to unlock it and stole therefrom \$350 in gold. The key was replaced and the brute remained in the room until the return of the wife. Col. Henry McManus, one of the Clerks of the Mayor, hearing of the case and being acquainted with the parties, he went to Germantown, and communicated the statement to Lieut. Crout, who found Patrick Howard early in the morning, and closely watched him until his return from the funeral which took place yesterday afternoon, when he arrested him. He was taken to a room and searched, every vestige of clothing being removed from his person. Nothing was found, and the search was about to be given up, when one of the officers, on picking up Patrick's coat, felt something like a book sewed in the lining. On being cut out, two account books with Savings Institutions (in each of which \$180 had been deposited) were found to be what the officer supposed to be a pocket book. Patrick said that the money deposited was his, and that it consisted of notes on the Bank of Germantown when he deposited it; but unfortunately for him, the officers of the Institution say that the money consisted of gold, and it answers precisely the description of the money taken from the bureau. The worst feature of this barbarous case is yet to be told. The widow of this wretched man had three little children, and the money was all she had in the world, consequently, if it had not been recovered, she, with her little children, would have been thrown penniless on the world.—Pennysonian.

A Catholic Church Blown up in Ohio.—A letter dated Sidney, Ohio, August 22, says:

Our village has been in much confusion since yesterday morning, caused by the blowing up of the Church on Saturday night. It was one of the boldest and most daring acts that I have known—being done about 10 o'clock on Saturday night—the church standing only the width of a street from a dwelling house. No clue has yet been had to the feuds engaged in this outrage. A reward has been offered by the Council, and a meeting of the citizens will be held to-day.

NEGOTIABLE NOTES.

We have on hand at this Office a large quantity of Notes payable at the Banks except the Bank of Cincinnati which will be sold at a reduced price, in order that we may dispose of them and print more payable at ALL the Banks in this place. They will answer very well for renewing.

The relaxing heats of summer leave behind them a long train of evils. The most universal of these are general debility, and its sure attendant, lowness of spirits. For these we can recommend a speedy and unfailling cure, in the shape of Hoodland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. It is, in our opinion, a medicine sui generis—alone—unapproachable. It seems to reach the fountain head of the difficulty in the digestive organization, and thus to achieve the secretion of bile, the basis of the mæstricæ morbi, or the cause of disease. Its tonic properties give vigor to the membranes of the stomach, and promote the secretion of the gastric juice, which disease, Scrofula, while its curial, soothing, and alternative influence imparts general regularity and strength to the action of the secretive organs, and seems to fortify the constitution. Such is our own experience of its effects, and we believe it is confirmed by the evidence of all who have tried it, or had an opportunity of witnessing its operation. For sale by Dr. Jackson, 120 Arch Street. See advertisement.

[Letter from Hon. John Minor Botts, of Virginia.]

Richmond, July 9th, 1855. Messrs. Wm. S. Beers & Co., Genls.—Considerations of duty to the afflicted alone prompt me to send you this voluntary testimonial to the great value of "Carter's Spanish Mixture," for that almost incurable disease, Scrofula.

Without being disposed or deeming it necessary to go into the particulars of the case, I can say that the astonishing results that have been produced by the use of that medicine, as well as my own family, and my own skill of the best physicians had been exhausted, and all the usual remedies had failed, fully justify me in recommending its use to all who may be suffering from the dreadful malady.

I do not mean to say that it is adapted to all constitutions, or that it will afford the same relief in all cases; for, of course, I can know nothing of that—but I hesitate to use it in any and every case of Scrofula, with persons for whom I felt an interest, or over whom I could exercise influence or control. Respectfully yours, JNO. M. BOTTS.

For sale in Fayetteville by S. J. Hinsdale.

FALL 1855.

We are now opening our FALL AND WINTER GOODS, and by contracting one of the LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENTS we have ever offered. We are disposed to sell low for Cash or prompt notes. Call and look. H. & E. J. LILLY. Aug. 25, 1855. P. S. Our delinquent customers will please pay up.

NOTICE.

The Magistrates of Cumberland County are notified to attend at the Court House in Fayetteville on Tuesday of September Term of our County Court at 12 o'clock, M., for the transaction of public business. BENJ. ROBINSON, Clk. Aug. 25th.

TO TRAVELERS.

The Subscribers convey the Mail between Fayetteville and Barclaysville in a Baggy, and can accommodate one or two passengers. The route is by way of Kingsbury, Bunn's Level, Summerville and Nell's Creek. The days for leaving Fayetteville are Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 o'clock, a. m.—Returns Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Fare from Fayetteville to Summerville \$2. J. R. HARRIS, A. PARKER. Aug. 25, 1855.

CROCKERY.

CHINA, GLASS-WARE, &c. I am now opening my Fall Supplies, comprising a very General Assortment of every thing suitable for the Country and Town Trade. My Stock is now carefully selected, in person, from the best manufacturers and in the best markets in the Country. Country Merchants may rely upon buying from me at prices which will save them all the trouble and delay of ordering from the North. W. N. TILLINGHAST. Dealer in Crockery, China and Glass-Ware. Aug. 22, 1855. 60-61

VALUABLE NEGROES FOR SALE.

Will be sold at the Court House door, on Tuesday of September Court, at 12 o'clock, SIX VALUABLE NEGRO SLAVES, to wit:— 2 Women, 25 and 37 years of age. 2 Girls, 5 and 14 " 2 Boys, 2 and 16 " TERMS: Cash. Asa M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer. Aug. 25, 1855. 60-61

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

We shall sell at the Market House, for cash, on Saturday the 1st September 1855, the house and lot at No. 14, occupied by Mr. James Brannin, on Munford street. Aug. 25, 1855. J. & T. WADDILL.

Use the Magic Impression Paper.

FOR WRITING WITHOUT PEN OR INK. Copying Leaves, Plants, Flowers, Pictures, Patterns for Embroidery, Marking Linen Indelible, and Manuscript Writing. This article is absolutely the best portable inkstand in the known world, for a small quantity, folded and placed in the pocket, constitutes a traveling inkstand which cannot be broken. No pen is needed, for any stick sharpened to a point writes as well as the best gold pen in the universe. For drawing, it is indispensable. It is indeed, the best of all art of drawing and painting—taught in one lesson. Any leaf, flower or plant can be transferred to the pages of an album, with a minute and distinct resemblance of nature. With equal facility, pictures and embroidered patterns are taken, and have received the highest eulogiums from the fair sex; and indeed, a more tasteful present for a lady could not be produced.

This Magic Paper will also mark linen, or other articles so as to remain perfectly indelible. All the washing in the world fails to bring it out. Any child can use it with perfect ease. With this Magic paper, likewise, one of every letter written upon it, can be secured without any additional labor whatever, making it the cheapest and most convenient article extant. It is used to great advantage by reporters of the public press, telegraphic operators, and hosts of others.

Each package contains four different colors—Black, Blue, Green and Red, with full and printed instructions for all uses, and will facilitate to obtain Five Hundred distinct impressions. It is put up in beautifully enamelled colored envelopes, with a truthful likeness of the proprietor attached to every package is warranted. PRICE.—\$2 per dozen, or \$1 per Single package 25 cents. Mailed to all parts of the world on the receipt of the above prices. Address, post paid, N. HUBBELL, 167 Broadway, New York.

Opinions of the Press: HUBBELL'S MAGIC IMPRESSION PAPER.—We refer our readers to the advertisement in another column setting forth the merits of this pleasing and ingenious invention. The cheapness should induce all to give it a trial.—Phl. Merchant. It is unsurpassed for neatness and utility, and should meet with the sale it so richly deserves.—Tribune. Just what the public have so long desired, and recommends itself to every individual of taste and refinement.—Jour. & Courier. Aug. 14, 1855. 3M.